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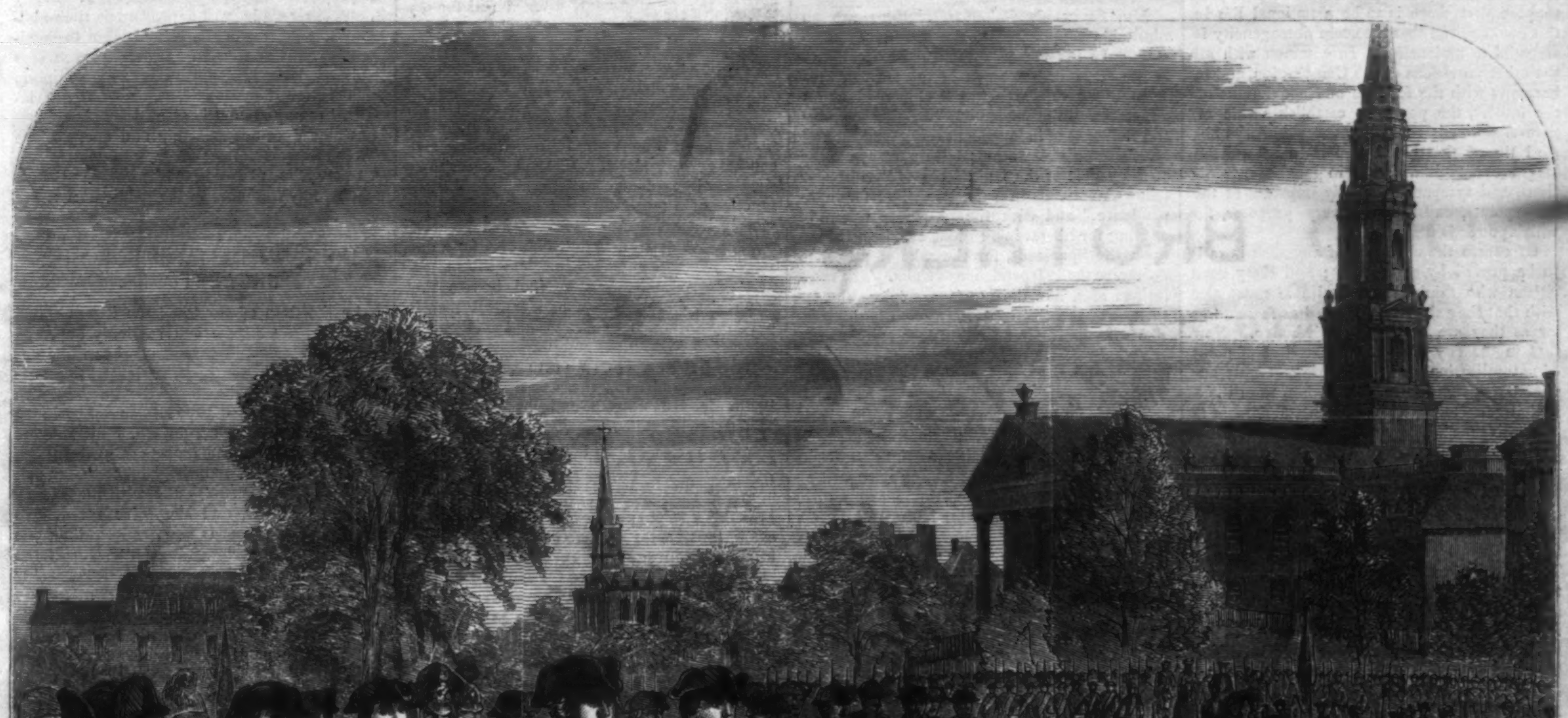
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

The illustration underneath commemorates one of the most interesting events in the history of New York—the first reading of the Declaration of Independence to the American army, by order of General Washington—of which we find the following account in Lossing's "Field-Book of the Revolution:" "Washington received the Declaration on the 9th of July, 1776, with instructions to have it read to the army. He immediately issued an order for the several brigades, then in and near the city, to be drawn up at six o'clock that evening, to hear it read by their several commanders or their aids. The brigades were formed in hollow squares on their respective parades. The venerable Zachariah Greene (commonly known as 'Parson Greene,' the father-in-law of Mr. Thompson, historian of Long Island), yet (1855) living at Hempstead, at the age of ninety-six years, informed me that he belonged to the brigade then encamped on the 'Common,' where the City Hall now stands. The hollow square was formed at about the spot where the Park fountain now is. He says Washington was within the square, on horseback, and that the Declaration was read in a clear voice by one of his aids. When it was concluded three hearty cheers were given. Holt's *Journal* for July 11, 1776, says: 'In pursuance of the Declaration of Independence, a general jail delivery took place with respect to debtors.' Ten days afterward, the people assembled at the City Hall, at the head of Broad Street, to hear the Declaration read. They then



FIRST READING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN NEW YORK.—[Drawn by A. R. Waud.]

took the British arms from over the seat of justice in the court-room, also the arms wrought in stone in front of the building, and the picture of the king in the council chamber, and destroyed them, by fire, in the street. They also ordered the British arms in all the churches in the city to be destroyed. This order seems not to have been obeyed. Those in Trinity Church were taken down and carried to New Brunswick by the Rev. Charles Inglis, at the close of the war, and now hang upon the walls of a Protestant Episcopal church in St. John."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 9, 1870.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

If it is worth while to have any naturalization laws, it is most desirable to have them stringent, and efficiently and honestly administered; and there is no express authority more properly conferred upon Congress than that of providing such laws. Their object is evident. The source of such laws is respect for the suffrage. They aim to secure its intelligent exercise. They say by implication that it is not desirable that the Hottentot and Tartar shall have a voice in the government before he can speak the language or understand in the least degree what the responsibilities and duties of an American citizen are, and while his ignorance leaves him a prey to the most miserable of demagogues. The naturalization laws presuppose that there is to be a national life in this country, and that a certain homogeneity is essential to nationality. In common with all the other provisions of the Constitution, and in harmony with the feelings and convictions of the fathers, the power to establish a rule of naturalization is radically at war with the absurd theory that the Union is to be a loose league of States different in language, traditions, and sympathies, totally impotent at the very points, and for the very purposes, for which power is desirable.

Of course the efficiency of any such laws is to be proved by experiment; and every good citizen who thinks them desirable must also wish that they shall be amended as fast and as far as they are found to be defective. Now that in the city of New York, the chief point of naturalization, these laws are corruptly administered, there is no more doubt than there is that such laws exist. Some amendment is imperative; and Mr. Noah Davis, of New York, therefore introduced a bill in Congress which sought to remedy the proved defects of the present system. Mr. Davis's bill required three years' residence in the country, with intention to become a citizen, six months in the State, and thirty days in the county or parish. The application was to be filed in court for twenty days, and proceedings to be taken in the United States courts, except where there are only two stated terms of such courts, and then in a State court of general jurisdiction. The naturalized citizen was not to vote until six months after his admission. But aliens honorably discharged from the service might become citizens after one year's actual residence. These are all reasonable requirements. They are framed with express reference to the proved defects of the present system. They would be opposed by three classes only. The Democrats bitterly oppose every measure which aims to protect the ballot and secure an honest vote. The Democrats were therefore loud and unanimous against it. Such a bill would be opposed by those who had local and especial interests to defend. Therefore those who fear the Chinese immigration protested. Or, again, such a bill would be opposed by politicians afraid of alienating the foreign vote, and they attacked it.

By this combined assault one of the best measures of the session was defeated. We have carefully read the debate, and can not find a single cogent argument alleged against the bill. Mr. Eldridge, who led the Democrats, who voted solid against it, said that the bill was one of the waves of the radical revolution; that it was not intended to establish a uniform rule; that it changed laws familiar to Europeans intending to immigrate; and that it was inspired by bigotry, malignity, and intolerance toward foreigners and immigrants. Such talk as this can not be called argument; and it is a droll suggestion that we are not to improve our laws because in their unimproved state they are known to Europeans. Mr. Cox opposed it upon his favorite ground that New York is a terribly maligned little heaven below. The Republican objections, as we have said, were special and local. But what probably influenced many of the Republican negative votes was a feeling that to defend the purity of the suffrage by stringent naturalization laws would alienate "the foreign vote." We hope that this fear will not influence the Senate in considering Senator Conkling's bill. Let us have a wise naturalization law honestly executed, and let not the Republican party fear to take the responsibility.

For there is no greater mistake than the constant supposition that the people of this country are not intelligent enough to see the reason of really good laws, and to support the party that proposes them. The Democratic leaders always appeal to prejudice and selfishness. Their attitude presupposes an immense popular ignorance and stupidity. The policy of the Democratic leaders is that of the old Roman tyrants, *bread and games*, to keep the people from thinking. Governor Hoffman, for instance, bids for "the foreign vote" by printing a telegram that he has sent somebody to bring honorably home a mob which has broken our laws and killed innocent neighbors. Mr. Tweed bids higher, by offering to pay all expenses. Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Cox, and their friends, put in their little bids by loud protests and defenses of Roman Catholics against imaginary attacks.

This is a business which may be safely left to those gentlemen. If such a course is really necessary, we are as contemptible a people as our enemies allege. But if the Republican party confides itself to the general good sense of the people, and to its ability to understand what is really for its advantage, as it did during the great debate from 1854 to 1860, which brought it into power—the debate in which it showed to every working-man in the land that slavery was necessarily his enemy, and that the Democratic party was the mere tool of slavery—if it will trust its own great principles and the intelligence of the country, it may be as sure of the future as it is proud of the past.

THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

Mr. Sumner's Cuban resolutions are an admirable supplement to the President's message. In his message the President alludes to the steps he has taken in the form of representations to the Spanish Government for "securing to the people of Cuba the blessings and the right of independent self-government." Mr. Sumner's resolutions declare the sympathy of the people of the United States "with their fellow-Americans in Cuba struggling for independence," and with the people of Spain in striving for liberal institutions at home, calling upon the Spaniards, for the sake of peace, to recognize the independence of Cuba. The resolutions also, like the message, deplore the ferocities of the Cuban warfare upon both sides. The message and the resolutions together define what we believe to be the actual intelligent public opinion upon the subject in this country.

There is an instinctive, and what may be called hereditary sympathy, in the United States with any people contending for independence of a foreign power. That feeling in regard to Cuba would be much more pronounced than it is but for two reasons. One is that, while the justification of an appeal to arms is intolerable oppression, it could not be fairly assumed that the people of Spain, who had expelled the Bourbons at home upon that ground, would continue the Bourbon régime in Cuba. It has been therefore felt that the Cuban revolution could not properly plead against the new order in Spain, before it was tried, the tyranny of the old. The other reason is, that the method in which the Cuban cause has been managed has produced neither confidence nor respect. Moreover, it has been almost impossible to ascertain the facts. General Banks, for instance, understands them in one way, and the President in another. The best public opinion of the country, therefore, while sympathizing with the general movement, has insisted that our most honorable traditions, and the sound reasons in which they are founded, demanded that the Government, under existing circumstances, ought not to interfere. In maintaining this policy there has undoubtedly seemed sometimes to be a want of that sympathy of which we speak, and after the emphatic declaration of the House that nothing shall be done inconsistent with that policy, it is most proper and desirable that the natural sympathy of the United States with those who are striving for independence, and their desire to see elsewhere the same general liberty which they enjoy, should be officially expressed to the Spanish Government.

Mr. Thurman, the Democratic Senator from Ohio, says that the expression amounts to nothing. But it amounts to a great deal. It says authoritatively to the Spanish Government that, while we do not as yet consider ourselves justified in interfering, we nevertheless watch the contest with interest and hope, and that we believe the day of further European hold upon this continent has passed by. The resolutions officially declare the opinion of this Government upon that point. To declare that opinion and that sympathy is to do all that can be done short of actual interference; and, therefore, it is doing all that ought to be done. Mr. Thurman, indeed, would have us direct Spain to recognize Cuban independence. But the public good sense of this country will decide whether, when we have recently and properly admitted so many new citizens in the late rebel States, when the forced immigration of coolies is considered so threatening by the trades unions, and when the San Domingo annexation project is still pending, it is desirable to violate our honorable policy and interfere in the troubles of another country, with all the inevitable consequences of such interference, for the purpose of adding to our population more than a million and a half of people wholly alien from us in principles, language, and traditions, a third of whom are barbarously ignorant, two hundred thousand of them, according to General Banks, speaking only the language of the tribes of Africa.

HONESTY AND CAPACITY IN OFFICE.

While Congress can not contain its wrath at the mere proposition to reform the civil service, the effete monarchy over the water, having tested the excellence of the reform, pushes it still further. It is our privilege to enjoy a civil service system under which we lose outright, according to Mr. Jenckes, who has made a thorough study of the subject, one dollar in every four collected. And the cause of this enormous loss is that, in appointing a gentleman to appraise laces, we do not ask whether he is an honest man, who can tell a lace veil from a gunnybag, but whether he voted the regular ticket at the last election. This is the great American system, according to certain political doctors in Congress. This is the fruit of free institutions, and the logical result of the sublime principle that every body is as good as every body else. Meanwhile the poor, infatuated British Queen, in council, has ordered that any body who wishes to fill a government office in England, with a few exceptions, may apply for examination. The best qualified will receive the appointment, after a satisfactory probation of six months. How aristocratic!

So absurdly excellent is the working of this system that mercantile houses apply to the government examiners for the lists of successful candidates, that they may select clerks from them. And the certificate of a good examination is one of the best credentials a young man can have. Superficially, this would seem to be simple and reasonable enough; but, as it is the practice of a monarchy, it necessarily and obviously leads to an aristocracy, and no well-regulated American could think of it for a moment. To withstand the insidious wiles of the aristocratic tendency of a civil service that would put merely honest and capable men in public positions, it is our glorious privilege to increase our own taxes and to commend our institutions to the admiration and imitation of mankind, by keeping those positions for Mr. Reddy the Blacksmith and his efficient coworkers at the polls.

THE INCOME TAX.

In his speech in favor of retaining the income tax Senator Sherman sketched the history of the tax in Great Britain, and said that in 1816 and 1817 there was a loud demand for its repeal from the property holders, and a great deal of clamor against it. Now the best account of that period says that "the dislike of the rural population was as fixed as that of the inhabitants of towns." It was, in fact, a question of good faith, as it is with us; and with us also it is a constitutional question. The income tax was first proposed by Mr. Pitt in 1798. The scale began at incomes of £65 a year, and gradually rose to those of £200 a year. On such incomes, and all above that sum, ten per cent. was imposed. It was announced as a war tax. The act declared that it was to be "for and during the continuance of the war, and no longer." Sir William Curtis stated afterward in Parliament that he was in the House when the tax was first proposed, and that he heard Mr. Pitt declare that it was a war tax only, and should positively cease on the restoration of peace. But at the end of the war the Government preferred to reduce the rate from ten to five per cent., and continue the tax. Then began what Senator Sherman calls "a great deal of clamor." That is to say, the people of Great Britain imperatively demanded that the Government should keep its word. And after a flood of petitions, and a most vigorous and exciting debate, the tax was abolished, and Mr. Wilberforce said that the principle was laid down that war and income tax were wedded together.

But in 1842, when there was a deficit of £2,000,000, and some radical measure was essential, Sir Robert Peel proposed to renew the tax, laying three per cent. upon incomes above £150. It was shown that his proposition was based upon the fact of the situation, which offered only the alternative of an income tax or loans; and Sir Robert limited the duration of the tax to three years, or to five, if Parliament should direct—a proposition which seemed to show that he considered it to be an exceptional impost, justifiable only in an emergency. He also defended it upon the ground that it was really a war tax, the debt having been largely the consequence of the war; and Senator Sherman takes the same ground in the Senate. Meanwhile the income tax in Great Britain is continued; the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Robert Lowe, saying, in presenting his last budget, that, although a good deal could be said against it, yet he had no substitute to offer, and would make it as moderate and fair as possible, but could not think of striking out so great a branch of the revenue.

In this country the aggregate of taxes is $393,000,000, of which $37,000,000 are levied upon property or its income. This sum (a little less than a tenth of the whole) is paid by two hundred and seventy-three thousand persons. The other nine-tenths of the whole taxation are levied upon consumption. The argument urged against the income tax is that it is unconstitutional and vexatious, and that it was imposed under a solemn engagement that it should be temporary. The argument in its favor is that, with all its defects, to which every system is subject, it lays the burden where it can be best borne, and that it is, considering all the facts, one of the best systems of a disagreeable business. If it be a direct tax, it is plainly unconstitutional; and as the Supreme Court has decided that direct taxes, in the intention of the Constitution, are those upon land and slaves, and as the rents of lands are legally regarded as lands themselves, it would seem that the tax upon incomes is a direct tax, and must be laid "in proportion to the census or enumeration." Moreover, if it lays the burden where it can best be borne, it does so only by recognizing a class of citizens in a manner not harmonious with the spirit of the Constitution. If you lay an income tax with an exemption of $2500, the clerk upon a salary of $3000 must pay a tax; the owner of a property of $30,000, with a revenue from it of eight per cent., pays nothing. But if you lay a tax upon luxuries, the clerk and the proprietor may choose whether they will pay it, and their choice will depend upon their ability. The defects of the system seem to be almost inseparable from it. Mr. Gladstone says that experience has shown one fixed exemption to be better than to continue various alleviations, but any system is essentially objectionable which does not ascertain and consider the source of income.

In refusing to continue the tax the Senate undoubtedly conforms to the public desire.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

At the date of our last issue it was stated that the French, who had suddenly appeared in our market as purchasers of wheat, had unloaded some portion of it, and the price suddenly receded to the limits fixed for English agents, who immediately became buyers at about $1 32 per bushel for No. 2 Milwaukee. A continental demand for wheat again arose, and this quality, on the 23d of June, was at $1 37½ per bushel. On the 24th the French purchases ceased, and the price receded to $1 30. The subject is now the absorbing one in all financial circles. It is asked, Will the circumstances continue which call for heavy purchases of grain from this country?

The telegraph informs us that a number of vessels have been fitted out at Marseilles to obtain wheat from the region about the Black Sea, and great efforts will be made to procure sufficient supplies to prevent a more important advance here. There are indications that the Government of France is urging, if not an actual party in, these purchases. M'Culloch informs us (1869) "that, in order to keep the Parisian populace in good-humor, the bakers were compelled to sell bread in scarce times at low prices, *their loss being reimbursed to them from the public or communal revenue.*"

There is unquestionably a political necessity for cheap bread in France nearly as great as that which the English concede to exist with respect to them. There is this difference between the two situations, that, while there is no cessation in the English import, the French are obliged to import only in unfavorable seasons. Mr. Caird, an English writer on agricultural subjects of great eminence, states that in France a bushel an acre below the average makes a difference in the wheat crop of 10,000,000 bushels. "Our grass and green crops, or *restorative* area," he adds, "are two to one of our corn. France is exactly reversed; her corn or exhaustive crops being as two to one of her grass and green crops." The production of wheat in France is consequently from this exhaustive process lower than in Europe generally. The production per acre, in English bushels, is stated by Mr. Caird as follows: England, 28; Ireland, 24; Austria, Spain, and Holland, 23; Belgium, 21; France, only 15½. This is due in part to the quality of the soil, that of France being in many parts a sandy instead of a clayey loam.

The English writers agree in this, that when a drought prevails in England it is ordinarily felt upon the Continent, and that while in good seasons France supplies twelve per cent. of the English demand for breadstuffs, in bad seasons she is a competitor in foreign markets. The fact that she is so is the subject of complaint in London and Liverpool, inasmuch as the latter aspire to control this trade in all parts of the world, and expect that the Continent will obtain supplies from them.

Although within a few days past there have been copious rains in England, yet it is certain that the previous want of it will be severely felt. We subjoin a few extracts from English papers as recently as the 7th and 8th of June. The reports from France are not less favorable.

"Drought in Yorkshire.—Malton, *Monday.*—There is still no rain. With only 7½ inches of rain in 1870, and of this less than two inches since April 1, the condition of the land is one of complete dryness. The whole of the early sown turnips are lost. The land is so hot and void of moisture that it is quite vain to sow afresh, though some have ventured on that course. Wheat is bearing the drought well, but every other crop is getting rapidly worse. On Sunday, though a brisk east wind blew, the heat in the sun reached 109 degrees, and the barometer rose to 30.50, steady. Fat stock is rising rapidly in price, and lean cattle are becoming a drug."

"Harvest Prospects.—Mr. T. C. Scott, of Knaphill Farm, Surrey, publishes the 'result of a continuous detailed inspection of farms in all the home and some of the midland counties from last autumn.' He says: 'The following conclusions may now be arrived at as the result of the peculiarities of the weather of this season: 1. That we shall have a good crop of wheat, notwithstanding the severe ravages of the wire-worm and slug. 2. We shall have a light crop of barley, because it has been parched by the sun and scourged by the wire-worm, and no amount of rain can now remedy its stunted growth and deficiency of plants. 3. From the same causes oats will be a light crop, but not to the same extent as barley. 4. Winter beans have a miserable appearance, arising from the long continuance of bleak and wet weather in winter. Spring beans look a shade better, and pease also, although the latter were early much injured in the leaf by a light, fawn-colored, beetle-looking insect, which no one seems to know much about. All these cereal and pulse crops will come much sooner to the sickle than was anticipated six weeks ago, on account of premature ripening. 5. Hay will be the lightest crop within my memory, because there is no bottom grass any where. Artificial grasses and clovers look better, and sainfoin and Lucerne in the calcareous districts, where they are extensively grown, look extremely green and luxuriant; but much of these crops is now being sacrificed for the maintenance of live-stock on bare pastures. 6. Mangel-wurzel will be a fair, if not a heavy crop, as it was got in in superb order, has come up very well, notwithstanding the drought, and luxuriates in a dry summer and sunshine. Swedes and turnips are uncertain, because, although they were, and are still being, got in in fine order, they have already been once or twice swept clean away by, and are still at the mercy of, the pestilential fly, in the absence of abundance of rain and soft warm weather. 7. Potatoes, although several times touched by late spring frosts, do not appear permanently injured, and look well generally; and if the drought should continue and cause a light crop, it will likely be of a superior quality. I have this year planted some potatoes on the bare earth, covering them with manure and then soil, and they look infinitely better than those planted on the manure.'"

The price of wheat is probably now remunerative to the farmers of the West; and it is relatively higher at Chicago than here, due to speculative tendencies. It is wise always to adopt the rule to sell when it can be done at a profit, at least on the part of those who can not hold with convenience. The policy of holding on the part of those farmers who are financially strong, in order to provide against the contingency of a short crop, is beneficial to the country. It is for others to judge of the peculiar circumstances which call for the one or the other policy; but it seems clear to us, as the land devoted to grass and green crops in England is two to one of that devoted to grain, and as the former are bad, and as the wheat crop of France is impaired, that there will be a demand for our breadstuffs to continue during the coming season.

THE POST-OFFICE AS A TAXING MACHINE.

Dr. Franklin considered the post-office chiefly as a source of revenue; but the position taken by Senator Sumner, in the debate upon the franking system, is undoubtedly correct, that it should be considered rather a means of public education and development. He would have the rate of letter postage fixed at the smallest coin, one cent. Lord Ashburton said in England that postage is one of the worst of taxes, that it is a tax upon the conversation of the people. When Rowland Hill's reform was proposed, Sir Robert Peel admitted that "great social and political advantages" would arise from it. Viscount Sandon declared that the post-office should be used to stimulate other sources of revenue. Mr. Cobden, speaking to the financial point, insisted that the lowest possible trading profit would secure the highest revenue. Mr. O'Connell said that it was impossible to exaggerate the benefits of low postage; and at last, in 1840, the reform was achieved by the bill which established a uniform rate for uniform weight, this rate the lowest unit of coin—a penny—and the abolition of franking.

In the recent debate in the Senate, Senator Howe said that the present rate of postage is not oppressive. But Mr. Sumner showed from testimony, as well as reason, that it is oppressive, not only directly upon various classes of the people, but indirectly, by preventing correspondence. The revenue from the post-office might be at first diminished by the smaller rate; but, as it would be practically free postage, the general advantages would be, in Mr. Sumner's opinion, invaluable. The post-office, he thinks, should be no more expected to pay for itself than every other department of the government. But his speech, which, as usual, was most carefully prepared, admirably fortified with the history and philosophy of the subject, did not persuade the Senate. The Senators apparently agreed with him that it was desirable to continue to make the Department beneficent by the free distribution of documents, but they were unwilling to risk the reduction of the rate and the abolition of the franking system.

Honorable members, therefore, will continue to send their washing home gratis in the mails, and tons of public documents will be carefully wrapped in Washington and sent out by the same mails, to be instantly ground up as waste paper. Meanwhile, we hope that Senators who favor the reform will use vigorously the privilege left them, and frank Mr. Sumner's speech all over the country, to help form a public opinion which will insist upon a wise substitution for the franking system.

AN EXPERIMENTAL CHRISTIAN.

It is difficult to imagine any thing more preposterous than the debate whether Dickens was a "Christian." Those who denounce him as a novelist may wisely remember that the Master himself spoke in parables. Those who declare his life to have been a vanity of vanities should gravely reflect whether they honor religion by asserting that a man whose spotless life and great powers are consecrated to making men better is the chief of sinners. What is experimental Christianity but a practical following of the great Christian example? And if, as a certain clergyman said, Sir James Young Simpson was a dying Christian because he said upon his death-bed, "I feel I am resting on Christ with the simple faith of a child," why should he not consider Dickens a living Christian because he wrote, on the day before his death, in the full flush of life, "I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it?" If words certify a saving Christian faith, certainly these are enough. If deeds—who visited the widow and the fatherless with a tenderer blessing than Dickens?

A clergyman in Boston recently made himself notorious for a day by denouncing Dickens. "What one of his books," asked he, "breathes the spirit of Christ, or is redolent with the fragrance of the Gospel?" What one of them is not? is a question which even the clergyman could not answer. But his performance shows the wisdom of the suggestion of Mr. Dickens to his children in his will, which was read in Westminster Abbey, to practice Christianity in a broad spirit, not accepting the narrow construction of any man nor of any sect.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

If a newspaper should publish a paragraph stating that, "Yesterday, at one o'clock, Mr. Peter Cooper went into the Bank of Commerce, and, after he left, it was discovered that ten cents had been stolen from the currency drawer, and we should like to know how Mr. Cooper explains the matter," we doubt if Mr. Cooper would be considered a thief; for, happily, in civilized countries, and among men of honor, character is still of some value. Or if Mr. Gladstone should be accused of being influenced in his official conduct toward France by the fact that his aunt's cousin had sold a horse to the French Minister, and had been paid for it, it would disturb public confidence in the Prime Minister just as much as the charge that Mr. Fish's position in regard to Cuba is determined by the fact that a lawyer who is his son-in-law has been paid certain fees for honorable professional service.

This absurd aspersion upon the Secretary of State was repeated by Mr. Fitch in the House of Representatives; but upon his attention being called to the facts as stated in the explanation which has been published, Mr. Fitch promptly and honorably withdrew the implied charge, saying that "he had never seen that contradiction, and had had no knowledge that the statement made had been contradicted. In the face of that contradiction he could do nothing more than retract what he had stated on that point."

REALISTIC ART.

We have little space for correspondence, and we do not mean by publishing the following letter to incite a discussion for which we could not give room. But the tone of Mr. Moore's excellent letter is not controversial, and it is an interesting statement from a recognized authority of the views and aims of the "realistic" artists:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the article on the Academy Exhibition, in your paper for June 18, are some remarks about the works of Mr. Farrar, Mr. Linsly, and myself, concerning which I have a word or two to say which may not be uninteresting to your readers, and may help to give some persons a better understanding of what we are trying to do than they have at present. It is because I see in all such remarks that our principles are misunderstood, more or less, that it seems to me useful to take advantage of such occasions to state them as plainly as possible—especially now that the hostile feeling, which originated in England some years ago, toward these principles is happily passing away, and articles as kind and thoughtful as the one to which I now allude are now and then appearing, discussing, with candid spirit, the merits of the works produced upon them. This discussion, carried on with desire to ascertain solely where the largest sum of truth may lie, can not fail to be useful to artists and others, and it seems to me desirable that any of us who have any thing clearly in mind of thought and experience bearing upon the subject should write briefly for the general good. The remarks of Mr. John Jones (the author of the article under consideration) are, like many others made about realistic works and principles, partly right and partly wrong. More attentive study of our works, together with incessant study of nature, would show him, I think, that we are well aware of all the truth in his principles; but that we also apprehend other principles, in some respects much more important, which need to be fitted together with his, before a true grasp of the whole matter can be attained.

"I can not see nature as they do," says our kind critic. Well, perhaps not; it may indeed be that we do not at all succeed in representing what we see in such a way that another can see it. But perhaps, also, nature might be seen somewhat as we see it if people should look carefully enough, having in mind meantime certain principles upon which we work. But first it is necessary that two important facts should be known—namely, that nature is infinite, and its aspects are; and that we are finite, and our perceptions are. Each man sees, according to his sympathies, a greater or less range of nature's aspects truly; *but no man sees all.* A conscientious artist's work ought to be studied for the sake of learning to see *what he sees.* We may thus be helped to see beyond what we otherwise should. A good picture will always look strange to us at first. If a picture does not look strange it can not have any thing to *give* us. The aspects of nature, and especially the nobler ones, are so beyond adequate representation as to render it impossible for the most skilled master even to make his picture carry recognizable resemblance at once to every beholder. The more subtle an artist's perceptions become the less possibility there is of his rendering them adequately—first he must invent the best possible short-hand in which to write down what he sees, and then the spectator must learn his short-hand before he can read.

Few persons, even among artists, think of this; and, therefore, instead of exhibitions of pictures representing, in the most conscientious way, the infinite wonders of natural beauty, and visitors who come *to learn to see*, we have exhibitions of pleasant, clever pictures representing those familiar and most easily written aspects only, which people in general may come to find entertaining during an otherwise idle moment. Just now there seems to be little use to send carefully painted pictures to the exhibitions, because if people do not find in them at first glance certain conventional qualities, which they have learned to look for as "the soul of art," they will not give them further attention. The people are not wholly to blame for this; the exhibitions are not at all what they should be in many respects irrespective of the mere quality of the pictures—fully ten times *too many* pictures are always hung in proportion to the size of the rooms, and the effect is so bewildering that it requires a greater effort than many persons are disposed to make to get the mind enough at rest for its attention to become fixed upon small and delicately painted pictures. But the worst fault of such crowded exhibitions is, that it induces artists to resort to all kinds of meretricious expedients in order to *draw* attention. Our little works which have been sent to the exhibitions have many awkwardnesses no doubt; for it has not been any part of our aim to hide want of power wherever it existed. They have had little of the attractions which command attention generally, and we have been surprised that they should receive as much notice as they have.

"Do they see atmosphere, gradation, harmony?" asks our friend; "and are not these qualities in nature?" At present we are striving to write down faithfully some of the wonders of beauty which we find in the plain aspects of most ordinary clear daylight, consequently we do not paint many pictures representing effects of mist or "atmosphere" (a vastly easier thing to do, as our artists do it, than many people know, and an expedient of great convenience for evading downright drawing of forms). I think we do see these qualities and enjoy them greatly; they are often among the loveliest in nature. But it may be noted that when the atmosphere is most pure and delightful, *it is least visible.* We do not "breathe in a fog" as well as in clear air. Our subjects are chosen, for the most part, when the atmosphere is exceedingly clear, not only because we love this clearness, but also because it renders it possible to follow the lovely forms of distant mountains more fully and to draw them more entirely—thus to tell vastly more truth and to represent more of the beauty of their wonderful structure and color than would otherwise be possible. While I write, it is a lovely June morning; the air is marvelously clear. Mount Washington is between fifteen and twenty miles distant, but I can see all the lines of its larger sculpture with wonderful distinctness; there is more detail visible than I could draw all out in a month (though the most of it is, of course, so involved in mystery as to be infinitely beyond definite following). Its clear color of pure sapphire and pale amethyst is lovely beyond telling, and it seems to me that the chief beauty and expression of the mountain are in these. But when the air is filled with the sort of haze which alone artists seem to call atmosphere, all these are veiled—the mountain becomes only a grey film against the sky, and the sense of its noble character is gone.

This last condition is, however, the one which our artists generally chose; they want "atmosphere," not the mountain, and they may get it, indeed, with infinitely less pains. But it does not appear that artists generally care for the noblest effects of atmosphere, such as involve thorough and difficult drawing of cloud forms, any better than they like the clear day aspects, which reveal multitudinous details of earth and its covering. What they like to call atmosphere is that kind of Indian summer haze which is just enough to obscure all refinements of form. This is often lovely enough, no doubt; but we should all be sorry if Indian summer should last always. And since our landscape artists have spent their time thus far, almost to a man, in painting "dreamy haze," is it not well that a few of us at last should strive to paint the wonderful forms and colors of things as they are revealed in clearest light to eyes wide open?

As for gradation and harmony, if these qualities are not indeed in our works, then we have striven thus far in vain; for upon these, the first especially, depend all expression of form whatever. But the gradation and harmony of nature are vastly different from the conventional qualities in pictures called by these names.

"Unquestionably, a landscape is an aggregate of details; but is that fact perceived as you survey it, and can you elaborately give the details without losing the landscape?" This question is the one most generally understood as the main one at issue between the so-called pre-Raphaelites and the mass of other artists (it is not, by any means, the main question); and the answer is that the breadth and unity which we see in nature are not to be represented in art by denying the fact of redundance; and no adequate expression of redundance is ever to be attained without most careful drawing of details. It is quite certain, however, that any artist who strives to draw details faithfully will be, for a long time, overpowered by details. He will need vast patience and incessant labor before he can attain such grasp and mastery as will enable him to produce faultless works of art. Meantime, he may be thankful if he is overpowered by nothing worse. He should bear in mind always, as a safeguard, that his careful drawing is *not to be for the sake of imitation, but for interpretation.*

It is not assumed that our works are more than "studies;" and in one sense they ought never to be more, or rather they ought never to be less. It requires consummate art to render natural aspects in such a way as to show that which is most precious in them; and pictures constructed by such art are not to be called mere studies in the sense that ours are; but there is no chance of ever attaining such art by following the "short-cuts" which the most of our artists seem to prefer. Art truly is something more than mere transcript; but it always includes faithful transcript.

C. H. Moore.

North Conway, New Hampshire, *June*, 1870.

NOTES.

The London *Daily News*, alluding to Professor Goldwin Smith's letter to Mr. Disraeli, says:

"Mr. Disraeli has been engaged in many wordy conflicts with Mr. Goldwin Smith. The fact that he has betaken himself, in this solitary instance, to poisoned weapons, shows a consciousness of having been foiled and worsted with more legitimate arms. He calls Mr. Goldwin Smith a parasite, because he knows that character to be, of all others, the most foreign to the nature and odious to the feelings of his adversary; and thinks that the imputation will give the greatest amount of pain. He is probably mistaken. The folly of the accusation, in the truth of which Mr. Disraeli himself does not, and never did, believe, takes the sting out of its malice. 'Coward' is a word which is not ordinarily applicable to Mr. Disraeli. But he has earned it in this case; and, writhe and wriggle as he may, he can not escape the strong hand which brands him with it."

We are very glad to see that railroad passengers are disposed to protest against the summary treatment which conductors are authorized to show them. If a difference arises between the most orderly passenger and the conductor, the former is put off the train. This has happened several times recently upon the Morris and Essex road; and when a committee of the passengers waited upon the President to request a modification of a most annoying regulation, they were answered in the spirit of the instructions to the conductors, and were metaphorically "put off" in the most peremptory manner. The feeling of dissatisfaction with the irritating management of the Morris and Essex road upon the part of the commuters who are obliged to travel upon it is represented by the committee as almost unanimous. The conduct of the Company, as reported, shows all the arrogance of a confident monopoly. The appeal of the passengers, of course, is to public opinion; and it is for the stockholders to decide whether it is for their pecuniary interest that their road should be managed with such a total disregard of the convenience of the public as to make every passenger who must depend upon it its enemy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 20.—In the Senate, the main business of the day was the Post-office Appropriation bill, including the abolition of the franking privilege. Several amendments to secure cheap postage were voted down, but no definite action was taken on the bill.—In the House, a bill authorizing New Mexico to organize as a State under the name of "Lincoln" was reported from the Committee on Territories, and was recommitted. A bill was reported and passed requiring national banks going into liquidation to retire their circulation.

June 21.—In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was finally passed; but Mr. Ramsey's amendment repealing the franking privilege was rejected—yeas 26, nays 28.—In the House, Mr. Butler reported, from the Reconstruction Committee, a bill "for a full and general grace, amnesty, and oblivion of wrongful acts, doings, and omissions of all persons engaged in the war of the rebellion," with a small list of exceptions. Mr. Whittemore, of South Carolina, was denied a right to a seat.

June 22.—In the Senate, the day was mainly occupied with the discussion of the Tax and Tariff bill.—The session of the House was taken up with an acrimonious personal dispute between Messrs. Farnsworth and Butler.

June 23.—Mr. Sumner reported a series of resolutions as a substitute for the House resolutions on the conflict in progress in Cuba, "declaring the sentiments of the people of the United States concerning Spain and her island colonies in American waters." Mr. Sumner urged their immediate consideration, but Mr. Casserly objected, and they were laid over and ordered to be printed.—In the House, Mr. Butler reported a bill for the admission of Georgia, the same in substance as the bills under which Virginia and other States were readmitted.

June 24.—The most important work in the Senate was striking out of the Tax bill the clause reimposing the Income Tax, by a vote of 34 to 23.—In the House, the Georgia bill was adopted. It declares the State entitled to representation, a legal Legislature having ratified the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments in good faith.

June 25.—No business of public interest was transacted in the Senate.—In the House, the Senate bill amending the Patent laws was not concurred in.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The French Government having relinquished the exclusive privileges claimed by the French Cable Company, our Government has withdrawn its objections to the landing of the cable on our coast.

Several heavy suits for damages have recently been decided against the Erie Railroad. The latest is that of $20,000 in favor of Daniel Lyons, for injuries sustained in the Carr's Rock disaster in April, 1868.

After July 1 the rates of postage between the United States and British Columbia and Vancouver Island will be six cents per half ounce, and ten cents on unpaid letters received.

Attorney-General Ackerman was confirmed by the Senate, June 23, without a call of the yeas and nays.

An exploring expedition to Brazil, originated by Cornell University, sailed June 23, under the direction of Professor Hart.

FOREIGN NEWS.

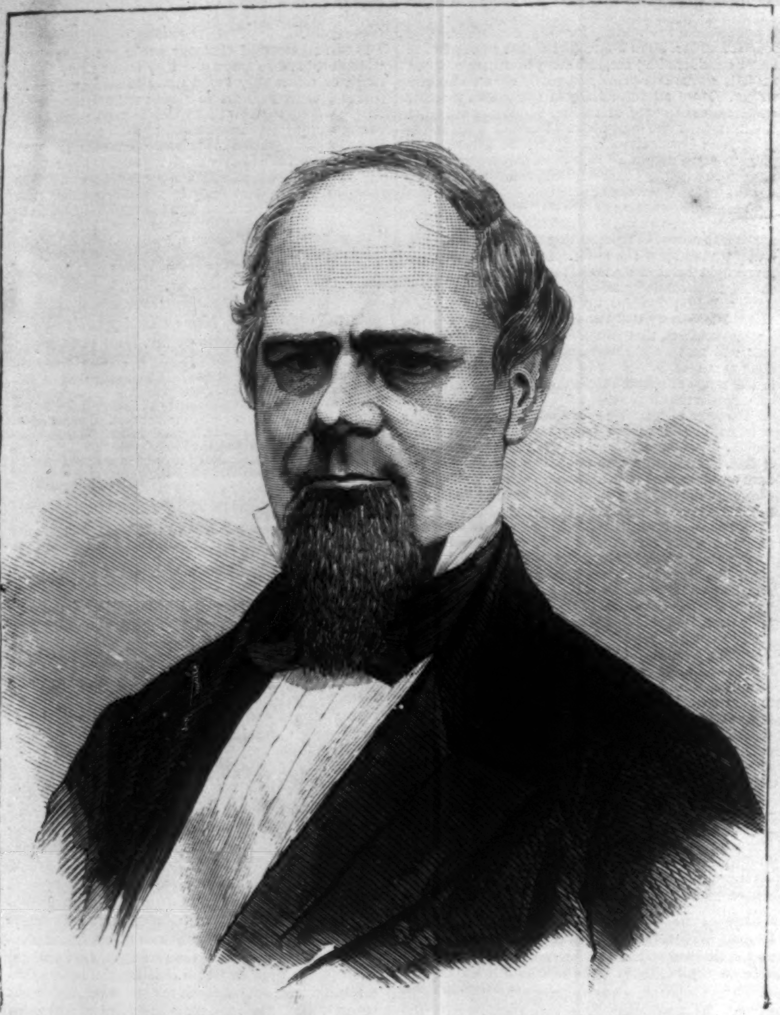
A serious riot broke out in Cork, Ireland, June 22, among the tailors, growing out of the employment of Germans. Barricades were erected in the streets, and obstinately defended against the troops.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, has formally abdicated in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias.

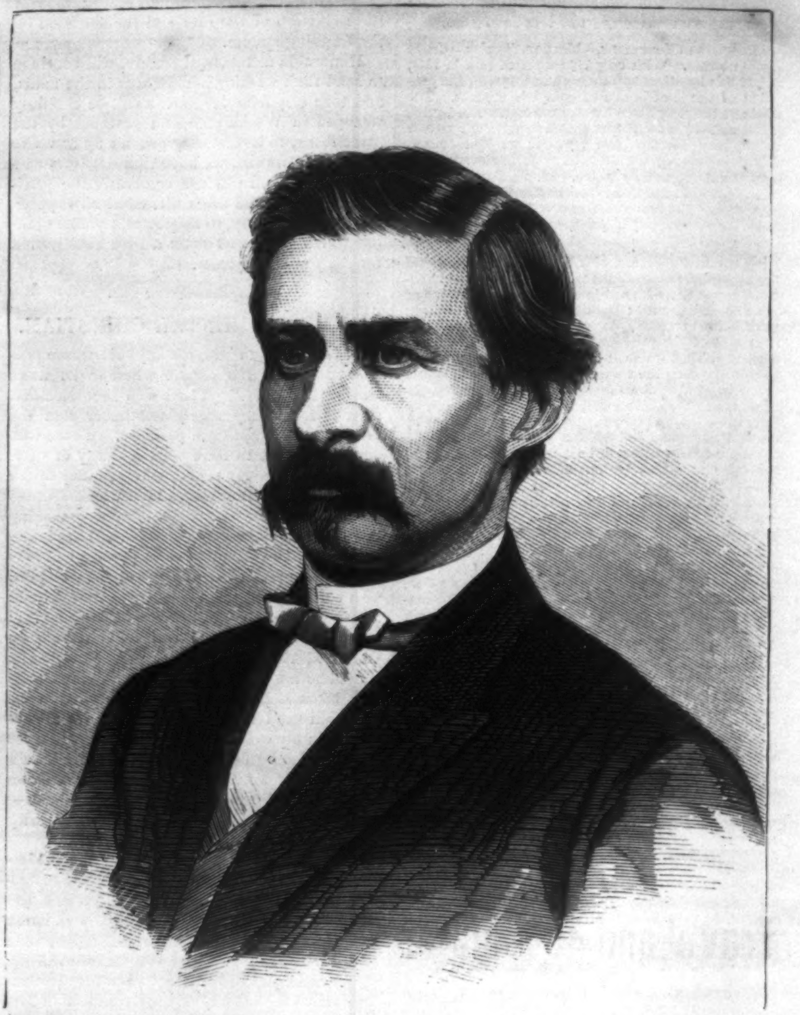
Cardinal Guidi, Archbishop of Boulogne, on the 18th of June, made a strong speech against infallibility, which created a profound impression in Europe.

It is reported that 2000 persons perished in the great fire in Constantinople.

The Governor of St. Thomas has issued a proclamation again placing the island under the protection of Denmark, in consequence of the failure of the treaty of sale in the United States Senate.



THE LATE REV. B. H. NADAL, D.D.—[From a Photograph by C. H. Williamson.]



HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.—[Photographed by Churchill and Denison.]

THE LATE Dr. NADAL.

The Methodist Church has just sustained another serious loss by the death of the Rev. **Bernard H. Nadal**, D.D., which occurred very suddenly on the 20th ult., at Madison, New Jersey. Dr. **Nadal** was born in Maryland, in 1813; and in 1835, having united with the Baltimore Conference, became a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. His early labors were in Maryland, Virginia, and the District of Columbia; and he very soon became an earnest participant in the discussion of the slavery question, which was then agitating the Church. With characteristic independence, he warmly advocated the views which a few years afterward became the distinctive feature of the Northern branch, when the denomination had split asunder.

His early education was somewhat limited, but every opportunity for culture was sedulously improved; and when, in 1847, he was appointed to a church in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, the seat of Dickinson College, he pursued the regular collegiate course in that institution of learning without neglecting his pastoral duties, and regularly graduated with high honors. Soon afterward he accepted a professorship in Asbury University, Indiana. Here he became known as a vigorous writer; and one of his former professors, Dr. **McClintock**, having become editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, encouraged him to become a contributor to its pages. He was one of the earliest of the editorial contributors to the *Methodist*, and remained on its editorial staff until his death. The movement for lay representation found in him an earnest supporter. One of the last of his published papers was a letter to a New York daily paper in defense of the junior book agent. For several years after his brief sojourn in Indiana, Dr. **Nadal** was pastor of prominent churches in New York, Brooklyn, and other cities. On the organization of the Drew Theological Seminary he was appointed to the Professorship of Church History; and, on the death of Dr. **McClintock**, was selected to discharge the duties of Acting President of that institution. Up to the day of his death Dr. **Nadal** had been in his usual health, and it is not known that he had any premonition of his approaching end—"One moment in the full enjoyment of his faculties, and the next moment gone."

Dr. **Nadal** was a conscientious student, a thoroughly cultivated and acute theologian, and a successful preacher. His sermons were characterized by deep and earnest feeling, not less than by an effective style of pulpit oratory. Within a brief space of time, four prominent clergymen of the Methodist Church have fallen in the midst of their labors, almost without warning. Each filled his own sphere in the Church with distinguished ability, but none with more singleness of purpose and Christian fidelity than Dr. **Nadal**.

HON. RICHARD L. LARREMORE.

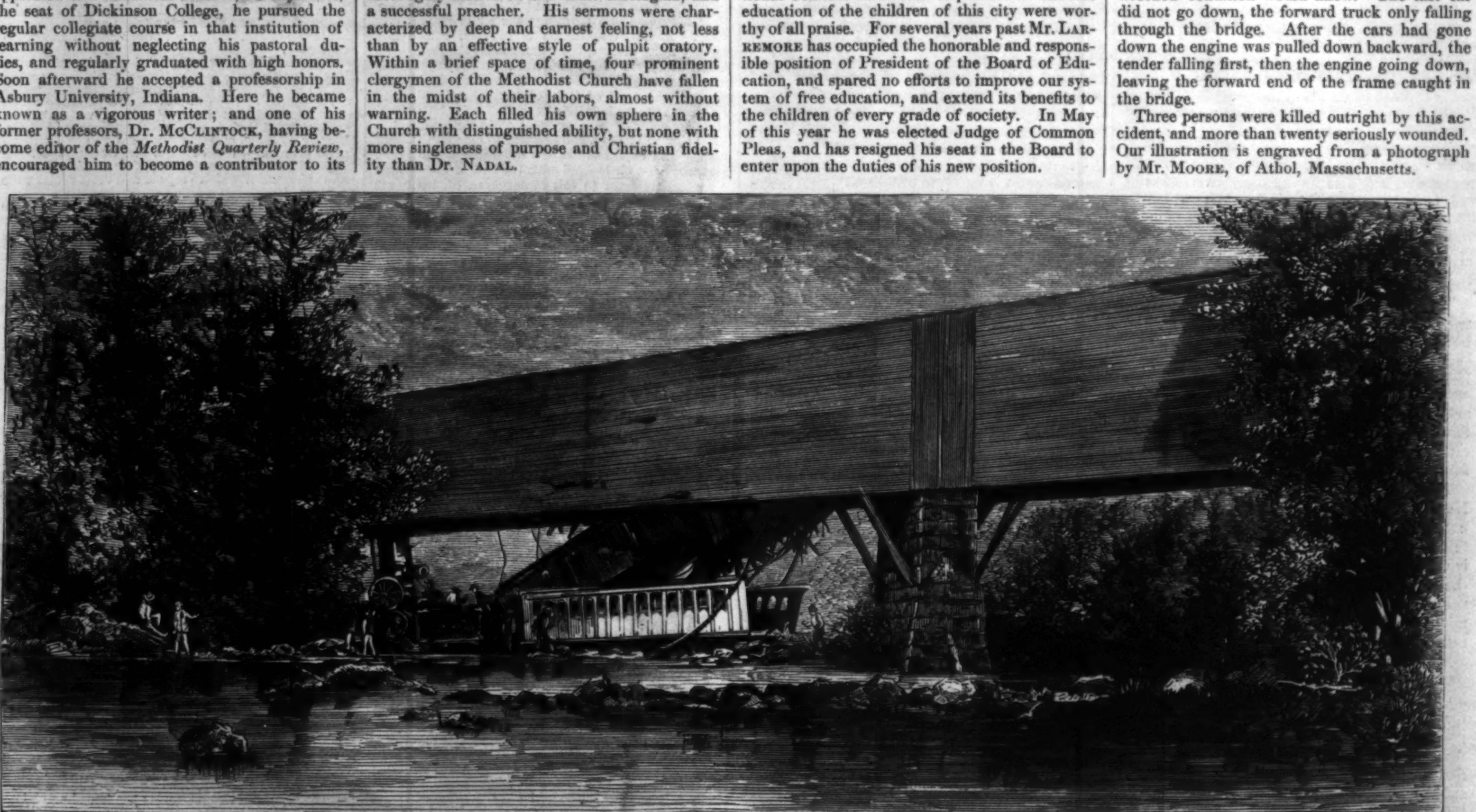
This gentleman, who has just retired from the Presidency of the Board of Education to take a seat on the Bench, was born September 6, 1830, at Astoria, Long Island. He graduated in 1850 at Rutger's College, and immediately commenced the study of law in the office of **Betts & Robinson**, in this city. In 1852 he was admitted to the Bar. His tastes led him to avoid criminal cases, and he soon obtained a large and successful business in civil suits and in real estate. He was several times offered a nomination to the State Assembly, but always declined the honor. At the recent Commencement of the University of the City of New York the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

Apart from his distinction as a lawyer, Mr. **Larremore** has achieved an honorable reputation by his devotion to the cause of popular education. His efforts in the New York Constitutional Convention of 1867 to provide for the free education of the children of this city were worthy of all praise. For several years past Mr. **Larremore** has occupied the honorable and responsible position of President of the Board of Education, and spared no efforts to improve our system of free education, and extend its benefits to the children of every grade of society. In May of this year he was elected Judge of Common Pleas, and has resigned his seat in the Board to enter upon the duties of his new position.

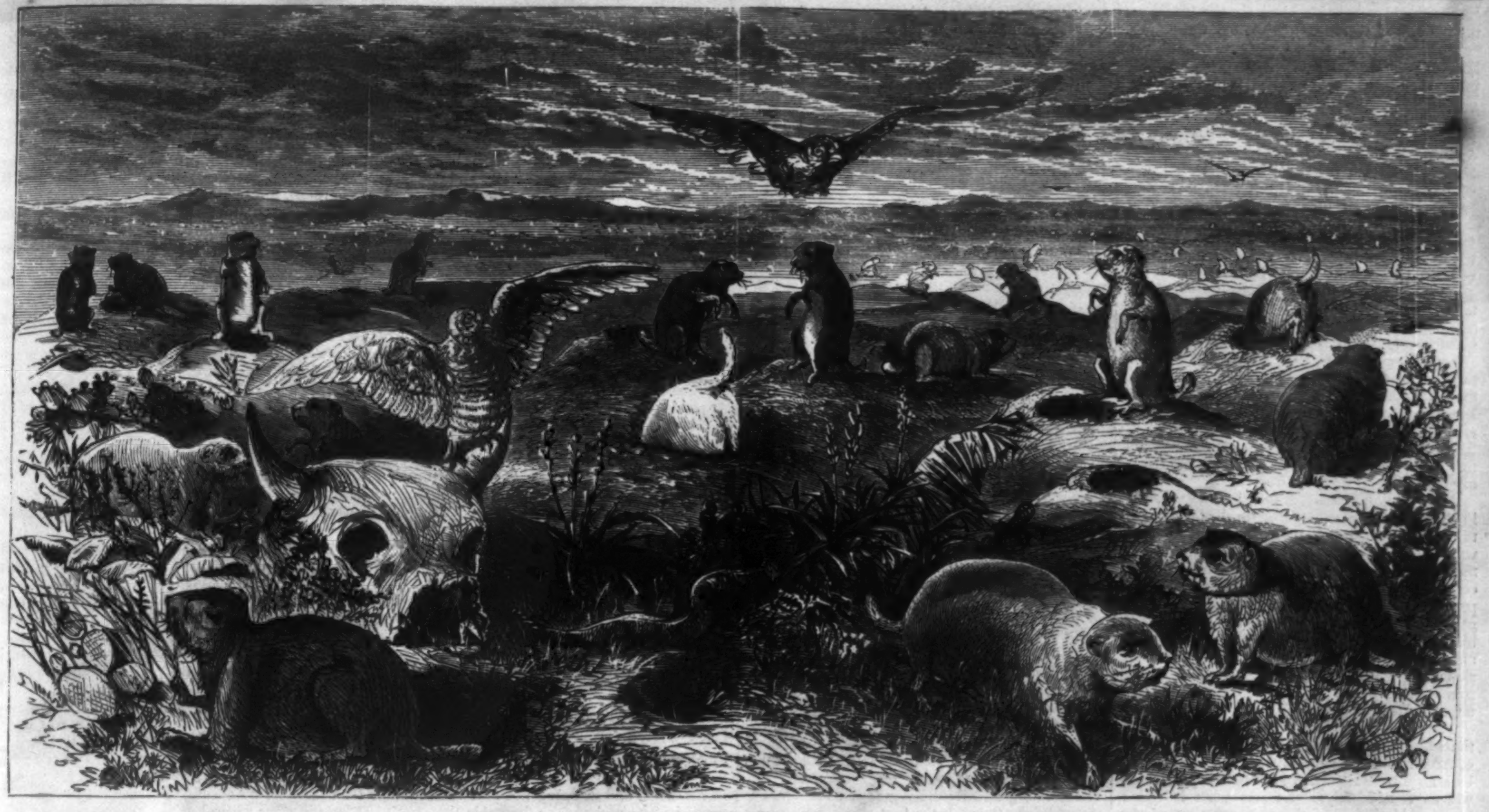
A RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

We give on this page an illustration of the recent fatal accident that took place at "Long Bridge," on the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. It was caused by a collision with a hand-car, on which the section-master was passing over the bridge, under the impression that he had ample time to reach the next station before the arrival of the train, which he was prevented from seeing by a sharp curve until too late to avoid the shock. An iron bar on the hand-car caught under the engine, throwing it from the track. The wheels of the engine displaced the timbers of the bridge, and the baggage car, when it came to the weakened spot, fell through into the river below. The first passenger car followed in such a way that its front end shot under the rear end of the baggage car. The second passenger car fell endwise, remaining in as nearly a perpendicular position as its wrecked condition would allow. The last car did not go down, the forward truck only falling through the bridge. After the cars had gone down the engine was pulled down backward, the tender falling first, then the engine going down, leaving the forward end of the frame caught in the bridge.

Three persons were killed outright by this accident, and more than twenty seriously wounded. Our illustration is engraved from a photograph by Mr. **Moore**, of Athol, Massachusetts.



THE RECENT ACCIDENT ON THE VERMONT AND MASSACHUSETTS RAILROAD.—[Photographed by Mr. Moore, Athol, Mass.]



A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.—[See Page 439.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER II.

A fruitless Search for Seals.—A Storm on the Coast.—A Night of Terror.—Cast Away.—Getting Ashore.—Looking to God.—Preparations for Living on the Island.

The first thing to be done after getting ashore was to look for seals. The men had scanned the shores closely in coming into the bay, and as soon as the vessel was anchored, and the sails were secured, they continued the search over every beach, and at every point of land that was in view, but not a seal was to be seen. Mr. Raynal thought that, as it was now summer, the month of December having fairly set in, the seals might have gone up into the land to avoid the heat of the mid-day sun, and he determined to make an excursion with Captain Musgrave upon the shore and into the interior to see what they could discover. Accordingly, as soon as every thing was properly arranged on board, they took the boat and went ashore.

They rambled about for some time, climbing rocks and cliffs, exploring the little bays and indentations of the shore, and penetrating as far as they could into the thickets that grew in the interior. They found plenty of traces of seals, in the form of paths which the animals had worn in the herbage and in the bushes, but none of the animals themselves. In making these explorations their progress was very slow, being much impeded not only by the density of the vegetation, but also by the numerous chasms and "crevasses," which had been opened by the frost and by the rain, in the rocks, and often in the soft earth. These pitfalls, or "breaknecks," as Mr. Raynal called them, were the more dangerous on account of their being almost entirely concealed by thickets of shrubbery and herbage.

Quite disappointed at the fruitlessness of their search, they returned on board about sunset. Their feeling of discouragement was, however, somewhat relieved by being told by the men that they had seen two seals, of the kind called sea-lions, swimming about the vessel during their absence. The animals came, they said, to the surface at intervals, lifting their big round heads out of the water, and uttering, as they inspired the gasp of air for which they came, a kind of hoarse barking sound, indicative of anger, and of defiance of the intruders.

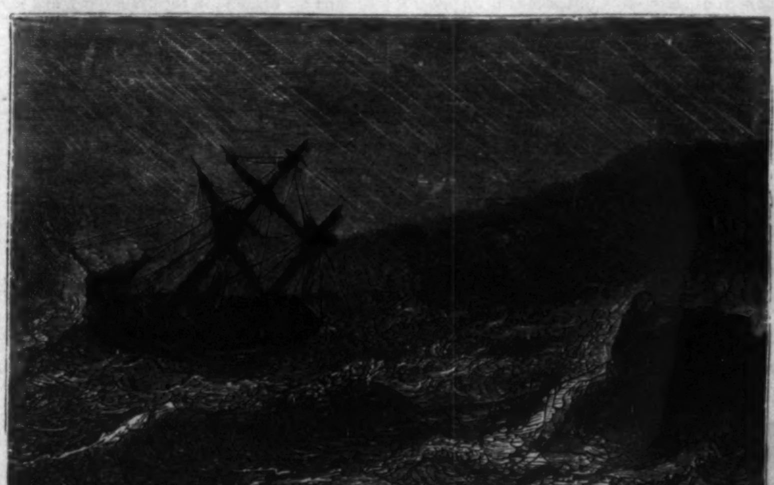
Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave made their arrangements for setting out the next morning for a general and systematic survey of the island, with the double object of searching for silver and for seals. They set off very early, leaving the men on board. They experienced great difficulty in forcing their way through the thickets which bordered the shore, being obliged sometimes to crawl under the branches upon their hands and knees. After reaching the interior they ascended a high hill, from which they had a view of a bay on the other side of the island, which they recognized as Monument Bay, so called from the artificial appearance which the sea had given to the rocks surrounding it, by wearing them away in such a manner as to leave arches, corridors, columns, and other architectural forms, the whole constituting a very remarkable and very curious scene. The explorers descended toward this bay to search for seals. When they reached the margin of it, however, they stopped on the crest of the cliffs which bordered it to take their breakfast, and then they clambered down to the beach below.

They saw a few seals here, though very few. As to indications of silver ore, though they had looked carefully for them all the way, they found none.

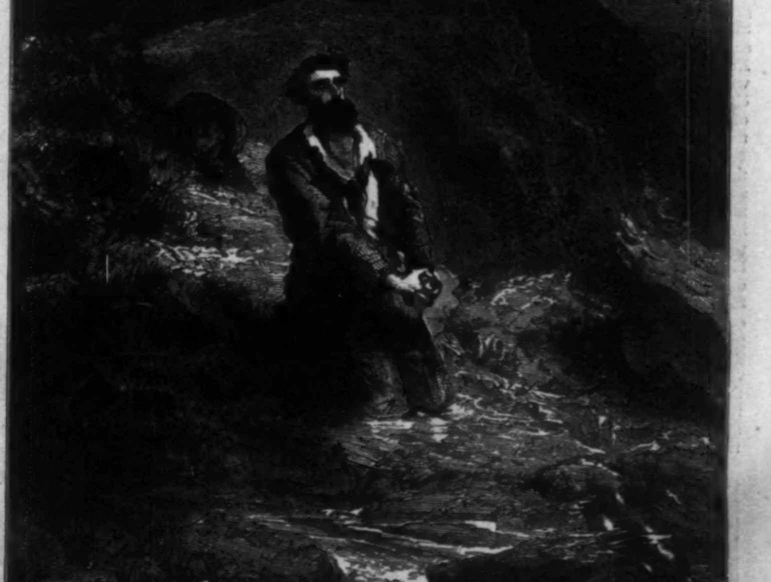
They returned to the ship by a different route from that which they had taken in coming, in order to see as much of the interior of the island as possible. On their way they came upon a village of albatrosses' nests. The nests were formed of little hillocks of turf, which the birds had contrived to heap up by scratching with their claws. The hillocks were hollowed in the centre to form the nest, and the cavity was lined with moss. Almost every nest was occupied by the mother bird sitting upon a single egg.

Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave wished to obtain some of the eggs in their nests, in order to ascertain how they would serve for food; but the birds were so tame, being "so unacquainted with man," or their maternal instincts were so strong, that it was necessary to beat them off their nests with sticks, in order to obtain the eggs. They seized in this way several of the eggs; but there was only one of the whole number that was fresh enough to be eaten. The eggs were so large, however, that Mr. Raynal said they found one egg sufficient for two persons.

After spending the day in these and similar adventures, the two explorers returned at night to the ship, very way-worn and weary, and somewhat discouraged in respect to the prospect of success in either of the branches of their undertaking. Mr. Raynal, moreover, was far from being well. The exposure and fatigue which he had endured on the voyage, while he had not yet perhaps fully recovered from the effects of his sickness at Sydney, brought on fever. He had intended to go with Captain Musgrave on a new exploring tour on the following day; but when the morning came he was too sick to leave his berth, and Aleck was taken by Captain Musgrave in his place. This sickness grew worse from day to day, and became, at length, a settled fever. He was confined by it to his berth during all the time that the vessel remained at Campbell Island, nearly four weeks. He sank, at length, so low that Captain Musgrave gave up all hopes of his recovery; and so near death did he appear at one time that the captain went



GETTING ASHORE.



LOOKING TO GOD.

on shore and selected a place for the burial of the body. This might appear, under other circumstances, to be acting with unseemly haste; but the anticipation was justifiable, and even proper under the circumstances, since in case of death on shipboard, it is necessary, both on account of the superstition of the seamen, and also for other reasons, that the remains should be disposed of without any delay.

During all the time which Mr. Raynal was confined to the cabin, Captain Musgrave, accompanied by one or another of his men, continued his exploration of the island, searching every where along the shores for seals, and throughout the interior for metallic ores. He met with very little success in respect to either of his objects. The men killed some sea-lions and obtained a certain quantity of oil. There was one sea-lion of very extraordinary size, that they captured at Christmas. He was so fat that they obtained from his carcass between thirty and forty gallons of oil, and he must have weighed, they thought, about a thousand pounds. Mr. Raynal says that the men remembered and talked about this monster for a long time afterward. They called him Old Christmas, a name which they gave him in memory of the great anniversary on which he was captured.

After spending nearly a month on the island, in the fruitless endeavors described above, Captain Musgrave reluctantly concluded that it would be only a waste of valuable time to remain there any longer; and accordingly, after consultation with his companions, began to make preparations for their return to Sydney. They gave up all hope of finding any valuable ores; but they decided to touch at the Auckland Islands, on their way home, in hopes of doing something more in the way of seal fishing there, so that their voyage might not have been entirely unprofitable.

The Auckland group consists of three islands, the southernmost of which is called the island of Adam, and is separated from the main island by a narrow strait, the eastern portion of which widens considerably and forms what is called Carnley Harbor. In the northern part of the main island is another harbor, which the whalemen, with the grotesque and irreverent humor so characteristic of sailors, and in reference to the harbor at Campbell Island called Abraham's Bosom, had named Sarah's Bosom. It had another name (Port Ross) given to it by higher authorities; but the seamen always preferred the name they had given it themselves.

Mr. Raynal decided to go first into Port Carnley, and as the vessel entered between the capes which opened the way into it, Captain Musgrave, who was standing upon the deck, examining with his spy-glass the different portions of the shore as they successively came into view, suddenly called out to Mr. Raynal in a joyous tone, "Good news! Mr. Raynal—good news! We are going to find here what we want. I think I see plenty of seals on the rocks. Look for yourself!"

So saying, and with his countenance beaming with pleasure, he handed Mr. Raynal the spy-glass. Mr. Raynal's observation confirmed that of the captain. He saw a great number of dark objects on the rocks near the water, and he had no doubt that they were seals.

In the mean time the vessel was moving rapidly onward and entering the bay.

Their course at first was toward the west, the bay opening toward the east. After going in for some distance the bay appeared to divide into several branches, the principal one opening toward the north. There was a high, rocky promontory which partly barred the entrance to this northern branch. This they named Cape Musgrave. After rounding this cape they stood to the northward looking out for a place to anchor. They found, however, on sounding, that the water was every where extremely deep. No bottom could be found within any depth that the chain cable could reach. There were, moreover, no sandy beaches to be seen on any of the shores; but only ragged and naked rocks down to the edge of the water. Here and there a few small green islets appeared in view; but it was plain that they were only rocks emerging above the surface of the water and covered with herbage. In a word, the whole bay, with all its branches, was evidently only a vast, irregular, and jagged chasm half filled with water, with no indications of any kind of bottom on which an anchor could take hold.

There might possibly be some places where the water was of reasonable depth in nearer the shore; but a vessel can not lie at anchor—unless moored stem and stern—very near a shore; for, in the first place, when the anchor is dropped there must be room to "pay out" a considerable length of cable to allow the anchor to lie down upon its side, and to cause the line of direction in which the cable pulls upon it to become so inclined as to enable the fluke to take good hold of the bottom and to keep its hold. Then, moreover, there must be room for the vessel to "swing" with the flux and reflux of the tide. So Captain Musgrave went on as near the shore as it was safe to go, but still keeping at a certain distance from it, and sounding continually.

They went on in this way until they came to a curve of the shore on the right hand which formed a small bay open toward the west, which is marked upon the map Shipwreck Bay—a name which was afterward given to it in memory of the terrible disaster of which it was very soon the scene. For here, where they hoped to find refuge and safety for the *Grafton*, the unfortunate vessel was doomed to be beaten to pieces and destroyed.

On their first entering this little bay their hopes were encouraged. They had been sounding, as they came up the great bay, with a line of twenty fathoms—about one hundred and twenty feet—and with a weight of six pounds for sinker, without any success; but on entering this small bay, much to their relief, they found bottom. They at once let go their anchors, for night was coming on, and it was too late to make any farther explorations. To their great joy the anchors held. Still the position was not a safe one, for they were much too near the shore, there being scarcely room for the vessel to swing to her moorings, and the harbor was moreover entirely open toward the west and northwest, so that in case of a gale from that quarter they would inevitably be driven on shore, if either of the cables should give way. There was nothing to be done, however, but to hope for the best and wait till the morning. Fortunately the night was not to be long, for it was early in January, and the long summer days of that high latitude had but just begun to shorten.

But the wind was rising, and, unfortunately, it was in exactly the wrong quarter for them, being from the northwest, thus bringing the rocky shore, to which they were so dangerously near, close under their lee. The wind continued to increase in violence during the early part of the night. The men became very anxious in respect to their situation. Heavy seas began to roll in from the offing, there being no protection where they were from the open water of the great bay. At length at half past ten a squall of unusual violence struck the vessel, accompanied by a deluge of rain which had almost the character of a water-spout. The wind pressed upon the vessel so heavily and produced so violent a strain as greatly to alarm the men; and in the height of the squall they felt a sensation as of something giving way. They found soon that one of the chain cables had parted. The vessel was then wholly dependent upon the other cable, which they knew, in case of another such a blow, would be entirely insufficient to hold her; so that they were in fact hanging, as it were, by a thread over the very brink of destruction.

They found very soon that the remaining anchor was beginning to drag, and that the vessel was gradually driving toward the rocks. At midnight they felt the first shock. The hull touched the reef, but was immediately lifted up again by the sea. Very soon, however, she touched again, and again, still with no very great violence; and, as they knew that the tide was rising, the men were not without hope that the wind might soon subside, in which case the rising water might float the vessel so as to allow them to escape. Thus far they had no reason to believe that the hull had received any essential damage.

But as the night wore on the wind, instead of lulling, seemed to increase its fury; and the seas which broke over the vessel grew heavier. Every now and then, too, the vessel would thump with increasing force upon the submerged rocks as she was gradually driven in toward the shore. At length she struck with unusual violence, and a great crash was heard below. The planks and timbers of the bottom had been crushed in, and the water at once began to pour into the hold through the opening.

The men were at first stupefied by this terrible disaster. It sealed the fate of their vessel, and to all human probability it decided their own. As soon, however, as the first feeling of consternation was passed they went to work bringing up stores and provisions from below. They secured all the articles of food and of clothing that they could obtain, and also the instruments required in navigation. Indeed these were in no danger of being forgotten. The compass and the quadrant are usually the first things which a ship-master endeavors to secure when escaping from a wreck.

Having brought up every thing from the hold that they could save, they packed them together upon the deck on the sheltered side of the "companion-way"—a sort of porch on deck, built over the entrance to the cabin—and covered them with a large tarpaulin to protect them as much as possible from the rain. They secured every thing as well as they could, with proper lashings, and then crawled under the corners of the tarpaulin to shelter themselves in some degree from the cold and the rain, and "waited for day."

The vessel in the mean time had settled down to a resting-place upon the rocks, and though she was much buffeted by the wind and the seas, the men were convinced that she could not sink any further without first going to pieces.

It was, therefore, plain that there was nothing more to be done until daylight should appear and bring the shore into view. So they huddled together under the tarpaulin in a state of anxiety and distress, which Mr. Raynal said he should not attempt to describe.

At length, the long-wished-for day began to dawn, and as soon as it was light enough to see, the men crept out from under their covering, and strained their eyes to discover the shore. The wind was still blowing a hurricane, and the rain was falling—or rather was driven horizontally through the air—in torrents. The seas were rolling in, moreover, with such violence that the spray was thrown several hundred feet into the air.

The vessel was lying upon the rocks in a line parallel with the shore, and thus fortunately served as a breakwater to shelter in some degree the water to leeward of it; while beyond, in both directions, the waves were rolling in with the utmost force and fury. The only hope for the mariners was that they might make their way to the land in the boat, through the comparatively sheltered water between the vessel and the land.

The first thing to be done was to get out the boat. Mr. Raynal himself could render no aid to his companions in this, or, indeed, in any other work; for, though convalescent from his recent sickness, he was still very feeble; and, except for the moral influence of his character and his companionship, his presence was rather an additional source of care, and a burden, than an element of strength. The men, however, succeeded in getting the boat safely into the water, under the vessel's lee, though the commotion was so great, and they were knocked about so much in doing it, that some of them received quite severe contusions.

The boat was a comparatively frail structure, made of cedar, light and thin. It was about fourteen feet long, four feet wide, and not more than eighteen inches deep. It was never intended to do service in such an exigency as this. The men brought her up alongside, experiencing the greatest difficulty in preventing her from being stove by thumping against the vessel.

While some of the men were engaged in this work of "fending off," the others brought as many of the articles which they had packed under the tarpaulin as it was safe to carry, and put them on board. Then, after helping Mr. Raynal into the boat, they embarked themselves. Captain Musgrave was the last to enter the boat. He had previously procured several "lines," and had fastened the end of one of them to a ring in the side of the vessel. When he got into the boat he took his place in the stern, laying the coil of the line at his feet, and as the boat receded from the vessel, impelled by the wind, which was blowing furiously toward the shore, he paid out the line gradually and carefully from the coil. In this way the boat was eased off, so to speak, toward the land, and when he had allowed it thus to proceed as near to the surf, which was beating in tumultuously against the rocks, as was safe, he stopped paying out, and belayed the line. The boat was thus held back from the breakers, by which, if she had been allowed to enter them, she would have been immediately dashed to pieces on the rocks.

The next thing to be done was, if possible, to pass a line from the boat to the shore. The brave Aleck undertook this task. He took another line, which had been laid ready for this purpose, and fastening one end of it to the bow of the boat, and securing the other end around his body, he watched for a favorable opportunity, and plunged into the sea.

The distance that he had to pass was not great, as the boat had only been stopped in season to prevent its being dashed against the rocks; but the danger of attempting to reach the land from such a boat, in such a sea, was extreme. Aleck, however, displayed great coolness, as well as great courage, in encountering it; and he contrived his spring to the shore at the instant after a great wave had broken and spent its main strength against it, while yet there was an onward movement of the water, which bore him on its breast to a certain point of the rocks at which he aimed. He reached the rock, seized and clung to it, and the retreating wave fell back and left him there; and before another had time to follow he had scrambled up out of its reach. He immediately took a turn with his line around the trunk of a tree which was growing near, and Captain Musgrave and his men on board the boat drew it "taut"—and thus a connection was fairly made with the shore.

When a sailor can once get a line across any opening or abyss which he desires to traverse he feels that the difficulty is over. The subsequent steps are all plain and easy. Captain Musgrave threw across to Aleck on the rocks a coil of lighter line, retaining one end of it in the boat. This end he attached to a pulley which was rigged to run upon the main line, that is, the one which Aleck had fastened to the tree. He also fastened one end of another light line to this pulley, retaining the other end on board the boat. Thus the pulley was connected by one line with Aleck on the shore, and by another with men in the boat, and by these means it could be run back and forth from the boat to the shore; though in going to the shore it had to mount quite a steep ascent, as the boat was low in the water, while it was necessary that the shore end of the main line should be fastened at a point pretty high up, in order to be out of the reach of the surging of the waves.

The men then at once commenced sending on shore the effects which they had saved. The first thing to go was the tarpaulin. They rolled it up in as compact a form as possible, suspended it to the pulley, and run it ashore. Aleck, as soon as he received it, fastened it up under a tree, a little way inland, in such a manner as to form a kind of shelter-tent for the protection of the other articles—as they should be received—from the pouring rain.

The other articles were sent ashore in the same manner—casks of provisions, chests of clothing, the instruments which had been saved, and whatever else they had thought it best to bring. When these things were all landed it remained for the men themselves to get ashore.

Mr. Raynal was too feeble and too much exhausted by the exposures and sufferings of the night to exert any strength whatever. With the selfishness which we often see manifested by human beings toward each other on land, he would have been left on board the boat, and abandoned to his fate. The men might have had a plausible excuse for this, under the pretense—and it might not have been a mere pretense—that they would come back for him as soon as the weather made it possible for him to be taken ashore. But sailors, with all their faults, are proverbially faithful and true to their comrades in distress. Captain Musgrave took Mr. Raynal on his back, and caused him to be lashed securely there. He then grasped the hook of the pulley with his hands, and, thus suspended, and with this load upon his shoulders, swung himself over from the bow of the boat into the boiling sea.

The end of the line on which the pulley was to run was so low, being fastened to the boat, that it did not prevent their being submerged, but it aided them in keeping on the surface, and Aleck pulled lustily at the other end of the small line so as gradually to draw them in. It was an herculean task, for the weight of the two men "sagged" the rope so much at the end near the boat as to make the ascent for the pulley at the shore end very steep. Aleck pulled till he had brought them up this ascent as far as he could. For a moment the result trembled in the balance. Aleck could draw them up no higher, and the captain's strength was nearly exhausted, while the surging sea was buffeting him about close to the rocks. Aleck hastily fastened his end of the line, ran down to the brink, and succeeded in reaching and pulling the two men in, until Captain Musgrave could get hold of the rocks himself, and, with the aid of the little strength that Mr. Raynal retained, they all three succeeded in reaching a place where they could hold on until the next breaker had come surging up around them, and spent its strength without being able to dislodge them.

Captain Musgrave and Aleck half led and half carried Mr. Raynal up to where the tarpaulin had been fixed, and sheltered him under it as well as they could, while they went back to aid in bringing the other men to land. This was not at all difficult. One after another the men grasped the hook of the pulley, and plunged into the surges as Captain Musgrave had done, and were pulled to the shore. This was comparatively easy, for the load in each case was now one-half as great, while the force on shore to pull upon the line, and to aid the men in getting upon the rocks, was doubled for the first man, and trebled for the second. They left the boat where she was, securely held by the two lines, one running to the ship, and the other to the shore.

They gathered around the tarpaulin which covered the heap of their effects, and afforded some little protection for the sick man, though the others were entirely exposed to the cold and to the rain. The object of first necessity was to secure a fire, and the next to find, if possible, some better means of shelter. One of the men, as it happened, had some matches in his pocket, but they were wet, and they would not light. At length, after several trials, they succeeded with one of them; and having with great difficulty found something that would burn, they at last accomplished their object of making a fire. They kindled it by means of some tolerably dry sticks which George Harris, the Englishman, found under the big trunk of a fallen tree. As soon as the fire began to burn they went to work collecting all the dead wood that they could find, and piled it in a heap near at hand; for it was of immense importance that they should not allow the fire to go out, as their last match was gone.

They had brought a kettle with them on shore, and among their stores they had a moderate supply of tea. The first thing that they did was to bring some water from a little brook which one of the men discovered not far off, and to make some tea. This they drank, and ate with it some pieces of ship biscuit, of which they also had a small quantity among their stores.

They were greatly refreshed by this meal, and then, after remaining to warm themselves a little more, they left Mr. Raynal to take care of the fire, while the rest went off in various directions to see if they could not find some chasm in the rocks or some overhanging cliff, or, at least, some dense thicket in the woods, where they might obtain a temporary shelter.

While they were gone and Mr. Raynal sat alone watching the fire—which, as he said, sadly, was all that he was good for—his heart sank within him to think of the terrible extremity to which he had been brought. "I thought," said he, "of my friends and kindred far away, who had always been very dear to me, and whom I seemed to love now with a double tenderness of affection. I felt that I was separated from them by half the distance round the world. 'When and how,' said I to myself, 'can I ever hope to escape from this islet, lost in the middle of unfrequented seas, and beyond the limits of the habitable globe?' My soul sank under these reflections to an inexpressible bitterness of despair. My heart swelled within me till it seemed as if I should suffocate. Tears which I could not repress came into my eyes. I wept like a child. I then thought of God, and remembered that He was all-powerful, and that He directed and controlled every thing that took place in the world. I fell on my knees upon the wet ground, and implored Him that He would come with His aid to me and my companions in misfortune, and save us from an impending fate."

Mr. Raynal derived some comfort from his prayer, and returned to the fire. He dragged himself as well as he could to the brook with the kettle, which he filled with water, and then put it over the fire, in order to have tea ready for his companions when they should return. They came back in about an hour, looking weary, disappointed, and sorrowful. They had been unable to find any place of shelter whatever. Entirely disheartened and discouraged, they sat down as close to each other as they could before the fire, pulled as much of the tarpaulin as could be spared, without too much uncovering their stores, over their heads, and seemed to give themselves up to utter despair. George and Harry said that they only wished they had perished in the waves. Captain Musgrave, whose manly resolution, coolness, and self-reliance had been the chief means of keeping up the courage of the men hitherto, was silent, but he covered his face with his hands, and Mr. Raynal observed that he did so to hide his tears. He was thinking of the wife and children at Sydney, to whom he was tenderly attached, and whom he had left reluctantly, and with a loving farewell, at the commencement of the voyage. Mr. Raynal attempted to encourage the men by reminding them of the arrangement which had been made for sending a vessel in search for them, if they should fail to return at the appointed time.

The men who had made this promise, he said, were men of honor, and they would not fail of their engagement. In the mean time they must do what they could, he added, to preserve their lives until the rescue should come.

These words revived the courage of the men in a certain degree; and after some consultation they determined to make an attempt to get to the boat, and by means of it to go on board the vessel, to see if they could not procure some sails and cordage, and also, perhaps, some boards, by means of which they might put up some kind of tent to furnish them with a temporary habitation—leaving Mr. Raynal, as before, to take charge of the fire. The mere idea of doing something revived their drooping spirits very sensibly, and they set off with a good will. Indeed, the best remedy in all cases for overwhelming sorrow and despondency, from whatever cause, is to find something to do, and to go to work vigorously in doing it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A PRAIRIE-DOG VILLAGE.

THIS little creature, sometimes known by the name of the "wish-ton-wish," is a rodent, and not a carnivorous animal. The reason of its popular name lies in the short yelping sound which it is fond of uttering, and which bears some resemblance to the bark of a young puppy. It is a pretty and rather curious animal, about sixteen inches in length, and of a grayish-red color. It lives in very populous villages, of one of which we give a faithful illustration on page 437. The burrows in these villages are of considerable dimensions, and are dug in a sloping direction, at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. After descending two or three yards they make a sudden turn upward, and terminate in a spacious chamber.

The prairie-dog shares its subterranean home with the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake. It was once supposed that these incongruous creatures associated together in perfect harmony, forming a natural happy family beneath the ground. Recent discoveries have dispelled this pleasant theory, and shown that both the rattlesnake and the owl abuse the hospitality of their four-footed neighbors by devouring their young.

The scene presented by one of these dog villages is very curious. The prairie-dog is no less inquisitive than timid. On the approach of an intruder, the little creature gives a sharp yelp of alarm, and dives into its burrow, its example being at once followed by all its neighbors. For an instant the village appears to be deserted; but soon their curiosity gets the better of their prudence, and their inquisitive little noses are seen protruding from their burrows, to ascertain the cause of the alarm, a curiosity which often costs them dear. The prairie-dog is remarkably tenacious of life, and unless shot in the head is sure to escape into its hole.

SHOE-BUCKLES AND SHOE-STRINGS.

WE find buckles connected with foot-gear as early as the fourteenth century, the shoes of a skeleton of that period, exhumed in Ireland, bearing marks of having been fastened in this fashion; and buckles appear upon the long, peaked shoes of Robert Attelath (who died in 1376). During the earlier part of the Tudor times colored ribbons and roses were all the rage as shoe decorations, the white favors of York having outlived the liking of Fortune, and therefore of Fashion too; but long before Catholic Mary ruled the land, buckles were worn by all classes, the "upper circles" wearing silver and copper gilt, while less well-to-do folks sported copper buckles in their shoes. In one of the Church Homilies set forth in Elizabeth's reign there is a quotation from the third chapter of Matthew, making the Baptist say he was not worthy to *unbuckle* the Saviour's shoes, the passage being rendered in the authorized version of the Bible, "Whose shoes I am not worthy to bear," although, in the accounts of the other Evangelists we find it given, "The latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose"—a change of word expressive of the change of fashion which took place in the reign of the first Stuart, when Herrick sang of

> "A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
> I see a wild civility,"

and beaux delighted in double silk laces, with silver fringes and tags; while ties of silk and linen were worn by less extravagant dressers; and the commonalty held there was nothing like leather for a shoe-fastener.

When Charles II. came to take his ease upon the throne, buckles came into use again, except with Puritans, who prided themselves upon sumptuary simplicity. Buckles held their own nearly through the eighteenth century. At its commencement, short-quartered, square-toed shoes, with high red heels and small buckles, were considered the proper foot-gear for gentlemen; and the ladies, not to be outdone, fastened their clogs with silver buckles, ornamented with precious stones. In the then North American colonies the fashions of the mother-country were slavishly obeyed, and a man would not have been allowed to remain in a ball-room if he ventured to put his foot there without a buckle; in fact, he would have shocked the company as much as M. Roland did the court of Louis XVI., when the horrified master of the ceremonies exclaimed, "O dear! he has no buckles to his shoes!" and was comforted by Dumourier's sympathizing reply, "Oh! shocking! we shall all be ruined and undone!" At home, the buckle assumed every shape fancy could suggest or extravagance devise; wealthy fashionables decorated their feet with diamonds, humbler imitators wore paste. The ladies wore such large square buckles that it was said to be difficult to discover their little feet under the enormous silver or silver-plated shields they carried. In 1783 they went in for a lighter material, for the cry then was, "Straw! straw! straw! every thing is ornamented with straw, from the cap to the shoe-buckle!" giving the would-be wits an opportunity for the perpetration of jokes more pertinent than polite. The era of buckles was, however, drawing to a close: in 1789 shoe-strings began to appear in morning costumes, and by degrees ousted buckles from their pride of place.

This was an innovation of dire consequence in some quarters. The manufacture of the long-reigning buckle had grown into an important one, particularly in London, Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, employing in the last three places some twenty thousand hands. The gradual displacement of buckles, by reason of the growth of "the most ridiculous of all ridiculous fashions, the effeminate shoe-string," excited great alarm among those whose bread depended upon the threatened manufacture. In 1792 the leaders of the trade determined to try and enlist the influence of the First Gentleman in Europe in their behalf. A deputation from the three towns went up to London and were introduced to the Prince of Wales by Sheridan. They represented that although the button interest had been cherished by parliamentary assistance, they did not ask for prohibitory penalties against shoe-strings, but merely desired the personal interference of his Royal Highness, fearing that if the stagnation of trade, caused by the patronage of shoe-strings and slippers, continued, "miseries, emigrations, and other horrible consequences must inevitably ensue." Mr. Sheridan lauded their petition, declaring he had rarely met with sentences containing so much matter, happily expressed in a few words, as the following: "We beg leave to observe, that when Fashion, instead of foreign or unprofitable ornaments, wears and consumes the manufactures of this country, she puts on a more engaging form, and becomes Patriotism. When Taste, at the same time and by the same means that she decorates the persons of the rich, clothes and fills the naked and hungry poor, she deserves a worthier appellation, and may be styled Humanity. We make no doubt but your Royal Highness will prefer the blessings of the starving manufacturer to the encomiums of the drawing-room. We know it is to no purpose to address Fashion herself. She is void of feeling, and deaf to argument; but, fortunately, she is subject to your control. She has been accustomed to listen to your voice, and obey your commands." Similar appeals were made to the Dukes of York and Clarence, and the buckle-makers could not complain of their reception. The Prince of Wales ordered the principal officers of his household into his presence, and told them they must from that moment discard the use of shoe-strings; while he expressed the hope that they would never offend him by disusing so important an article of British manufacture.

The buckle-makers of London and Westminster followed in the wake of their provincial brethren, by publishing an appeal to the public, complaining that, however mischievous the whim, however effeminate the appearance of shoe-strings, the wearing of them still increased, and hoping that henceforth no philanthropic friend to his country would, by following an evil example, virtually take part in snatching the bread out of the mouths of thousands of poor and industrious families. They also petitioned the King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Royal, and her brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, to aid them in their extremity. For some unknown reason, they reserved the most extraordinary of their appeals for the Duke of York.

After informing him that "honor, dignity, and birth are like the landscape when the luminary is behind a cloud, without the rays of beneficence tinging each distinction with its inherent brightness," they remind him that ribbon, leather, and whip-cord threaten to ruin a staple manufacture doing an incredible trade abroad, and humbly pray his Royal Highness to discourage shoe-strings, "both militarily and domestically." Then they break out: "Conceive what immense numbers of persons have spent the prime of their youth and manhood, entered into connections, *increased their families*, and embarked their all, having this trade for a dependence. Their hearts bleeding at the cruel inconsiderate capriciousness of Fashion; difficulties and impossibilities rise in quick succession to defeat the probability of fixing on any other branch or occupation. The nuptial tie, pitiably relaxed by reiterated sorrows; the children cry louder and more vehemently for food; the husband unmanned, his wonted courage fails; the wife, more delicately sensible, is not able to resist one of the obtruding woes which crowd upon her mind. Few friends before; less than ever now! Demands come quickest upon the most needy, often reminded of their bereaved trade, and no philosopher's stone to smooth the creditor's brow! Now spread wide the happy cause, the prospect changes. Hope, with cheering looks, advances. A letter from the trade at large informs them of our appeal to your Royal Highness. Instantly they assemble, and congratulate each other they have so glorious a source of expectation! Hope, with magic power, appeased their hunger, removed their despondency, makes the manufacturer's heart dance with joy; and the Duke and Duchess of York echoes in their cups, toast after toast. And your petitioners will ever pray."

The result of all this was that buckles were unusually prevalent at the Queen's birthday drawing-room, held soon afterward, when the beauty and brilliancy of the buckles worn by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Fife attracted general notice and admiration. It was but a transient triumph. Royalty failed to control Fashion; and although exceedingly small buckles were occasionally seen down to 1800, their fate was sealed, and by 1812 the buckle was extinct.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July will bring, this year, the usual amount of cracking, snapping, fizzling, and firing. We infer this from the fact that not far from one hundred and eighty thousand boxes of small Chinese crackers have been imported, and over $50,000 worth of larger sizes. Every variety of fire-works are now manufactured in this country, with the single exception of crackers; and these are imported from China much cheaper than they can be made here. Torpedoes are made by millions, mostly on Long Island, by German farmers during their long winter evenings. Small as the torpedo is, it passes through the hands of five different persons in the process of manufacture. An immense number of the smaller kinds of fire-works are manufactured, sold, and burned up every year. And pyrotechnics of the larger kinds are equally popular. Many original designs are offered to the public every season, and these "exhibition pieces" are often exceedingly curious and elaborate. So many novelties are this year offered for sale, that those who desire to display their patriotism by investing in something of the kind, will be sorely puzzled in their choice. And alas! for those whose love of country would show itself in quietness! We fear they will find no rest for their ears on the "Glorious Fourth."

The city of Boston has given to the Trustees of the "Museum of Fine Arts" a lot of land containing nearly a hundred thousand square feet, and valued at a quarter of a million dollars. It is situated at the corner of Dartmouth and St. James streets. It was proposed to raise three hundred thousand dollars to add to the existing fund, for the purpose of erecting a building, and obtaining a collection of casts. A large proportion of this sum has already been raised. The Museum now has several valuable artistic collections.

The latest "fish story" is told by a jovial gentleman in a Western paper, as follows:

"A few days ago I was crossing a bridge over Swift River when I heard my name called. I looked around to see who spoke. No person was in sight, and I was about to pass on, when my eye fell upon a large trout standing upon his tail in the river, looking as if he had spoken to me. 'Did you speak, Mr. Trout?' said I. 'I did, sir,' said he; 'I wish to inquire if this is the way to Bickford's Mill?' 'It is,' said I. 'Ain't there any other route?' said he. 'Guess not,' said I, 'unless you go by land. Why do you ask?' 'Because the river is so full of these fishhooks that I can never get up this way!'"

The season at Martha's Vineyard promises to be very attractive. Every year witnesses many changes at this favorite summer resort. Between thirty and forty cottages have been built during the past year on the grounds of the Oak Bluffs Association. About forty also have been erected on the old camp ground, and several on the lands of the Vineyard Grove Company. A new hotel, to be kept on the European plan, is also in process of erection.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine took place recently in Worcester, by which one man was killed, and thirty others injured. A can of nitro-glycerine, intended for the Hoosac Tunnel, had been placed in the last car of a freight train on the Boston and Albany Railroad. The train had just stopped before crossing the junction, and the explosion took place at the moment of starting again. The car was totally demolished, the trucks driven deep into the ground or broken in fragments, the axles severed like pipe-stems, the tracks displaced, bent like withes, and hurled to a great distance from the road. Several other cars were badly shattered, and the buildings in the vicinity were either utterly destroyed or seriously damaged. The Worcester Academy, a mile distant, suffered much injury in broken windows, as well as many other buildings in the city. Considering the locality in which the explosion occurred, it is wonderful that but one life was lost. But is there no way of preventing such hazardous catastrophies?

Dr. Draper is of the opinion that the prevalence of insanity is largely due to the use of tobacco. Insane asylums were established in Europe soon after the introduction of tobacco, and when smoking had become fashionable.

It is announced that a Grand Industrial Exposition of Manufactures, Products, and Arts will be held in Cincinnati next September. All engaged in the production of works of art and ingenuity are invited to contribute. Ample arrangements have been made for the cheap transportation of articles for exhibition from all parts of the country, and for the general convenience of exhibitors. The Exposition will be open on September 21, and continue until October 15. It is under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. Premiums will be awarded of gold and silver medals and diplomas. All communications and packages should be addressed to "Cincinnati Industrial Exposition," Cincinnati.

A novel method of making money was recently invented by a Parisian of gentlemanly appearance. A lady entered a shop in the Rue Richelieu and purchased a gray silk dress. She was attentively watched by a gentleman who had posted himself at the door when she entered. When the lady took from her purse a note for two hundred francs the gentleman rushed forward, struck her, and snatched the bank-note from her hand, saying as he did so, in an angry tone, "I distinctly told you not to buy a dress. I have watched you; you shall not have it." Having given vent to this explosion of virtuous indignation he disappeared, not forgetting to take with him the bank-note. The lady fainted, and of course the spectators, supposing the gentleman to be the husband in a state of justifiable jealousy, did not interfere. But when the lady had recovered her senses, the owner of the establishment expressed his regret that the lady was dependent upon so brutal a husband. "My husband!" shrieked the lady; "that man is not my husband. I do not know him. I never saw him before!" He was simply a *chevalier d'industrie* in the execution of his profession.

A Parisian widower buried his wife in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, marking the spot by only a small garden and a very small inscription. The official in charge of the cemetery noticed first some nasturtiums planted over the grave which were regularly gathered every week, then some little pink radishes appeared; finally, he discovered two good-sized melons in the inclosure. This was carrying market-gardening a trifle too far, and the police requested the bereaved husband to put a stop to it. This he did, though complaining bitterly of the cruelty of the requisition; for he had particularly valued the vegetables produced there, because he felt "they were offered to him by his Zoe!"

More than six million visits were made to the World's Fair of 1851 in London during its duration of 141 days; an equal number attended the Exhibition of 1862 in the same city; the visitors to the Sydenham Palace have been 30,000, 40,000, and even 60,000 in a day. In view of the general interest in exhibitions of this kind, a plan has been proposed of an Industrial Exhibition in this city, to be opened in 1872, and to be kept in perpetual operation. The Legislature has granted a charter to a company, authorizing the erection of a mammoth hall, which it is designed to fill with paintings, statuary, conservatories of plants, mechanical inventions, and such attractions as a judicious use of a liberal supply of money can gather in successive years. It is believed that such an exhibition may be made a very attractive feature of New York.

Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Dickens all died in the midst of their work, each leaving an uncompleted book. It is stated by the English publisher of Dickens's works that only one-half of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" had been written, and that the story will be published as far as written, and no one will be permitted to finish it. Would it not be a matter of great interest to all who admired Charles Dickens if those "memoranda" could be given to the public just as they left his hand?

An advertisement was sent to the office of a Western newspaper in which occurred the name of a book—"The Christian's Dream: No Cross, No Crown." The blundering compositor made it read: "The Christian's Dream: *No Cows, No Cream!*"

Do not sleep with your mouth open! It is dangerous in many ways. For example: A man living in Atlanta, Georgia, who is in the habit of sleeping with expanded jaws, recently had his false teeth stolen by an adroit thief! What must have been the surprise of the sleeper on awakening in the morning!

The old maxim, "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., has been the innocent cause of many wonderful poetical effusions. *Punch* remarked long ago that

> "Early to bed and early to rise
> Is the way to be stupid and have red eyes."

Since which it has been asserted that

> "He who would thrive must rise at five,"

and

> "He who'd thrive more must rise at four."

Therefore it is a natural inference that

> "He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two;
> And he who'd never be outdone,
> Must ever rise as soon as one."

The climax of all is:

> "He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all."

A French paper printed in New Orleans recently surprised its readers with the following statement: "Charles Dickens, the great American romancer, died yesterday of apoplexy. He was the Walter Scott of America."

An energetic woman in Illinois, who is fitting herself for the bar, has certainly commenced business in a way which does her credit, and which might well be imitated by some of the sterner sex. She recently called at a large law-book publishing house in Chicago, and purchased six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of books, paid five hundred dollars down, and the balance upon the delivery of the books. Since the purchase the proprietor of the establishment has become a convert to "woman's rights."

Mr. Disraeli has been suffering for some months past from a dangerous and painful disease—gout in a suppressed form—and his condition latterly has caused his friends much anxiety, though they maintained much reticence on the subject. This illness commenced with a severe cold, early in February. It is now rumored that his medical advisers have prohibited all public speaking.

A sprightly letter from Heidelberg says that when German students get drunk they are satisfied to get each other home; but when American students get drunk they insist on whipping out the whole beer-house, and seeing the establishment closed up before they leave.

The last letter written by Mr. Dickens, dated the day before his death, is of peculiar interest. Some person had written to the novelist, suggesting that a passage in the tenth chapter of Edwin Drood might wound the religious sensibilities of some of his readers. His reply was as follows:

"GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM, BY ROCHESTER, KENT,
WEDNESDAY, *the 8th June*, 1870.

"DEAR SIR,—It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a Scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much-abused social figure of speech, impressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions, without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour, because I feel it, and because I rewrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops.

Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

A marvelous discovery is reported in a Russian newspaper. A German *savant* has been engaged for some time in exploring the plain of Troy. While making some excavations near the village of Cyplax, he came suddenly upon the ruins of a Cyclopean wall about eight feet thick. The works were actively pushed on, and, from what has already been brought to light, he is convinced that he has at last discovered the remains of the famous Palace of Priam. Indeed, he asserts that the part of the ruins already uncovered exactly tallies with the description of the place given by Homer in the Iliad. As soon as the excavations are sufficiently advanced he promises to publish a detailed account.

A dismal modern prophet informs the public that a period of about forty-two years, during which the slain of the Lord in hundreds of millions shall cover the earth, will commence on the tenth day of next November.

THE UNITED STATES.

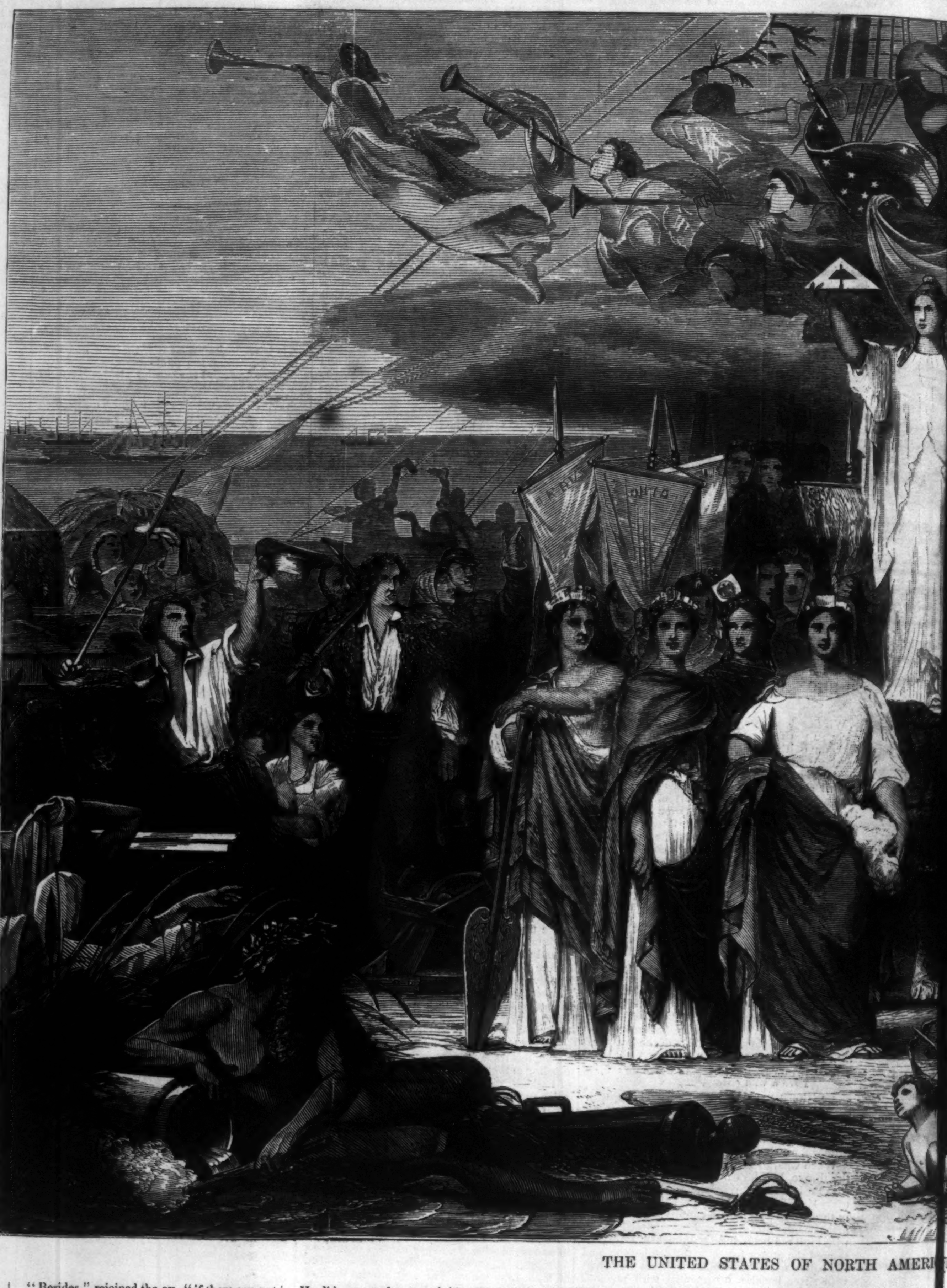
Among the paintings in the French Exhibition this year none has attracted more attention than the work of which we give an engraving on this page—an allegorical representation of the United States of North America, painted by M. A. Yvon for Mr. A. T. Stewart. Thirty-four States appear in this composition, grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, whose hand rests in that of Wisdom. On the left is a group of immigrants just landing from Europe, in the costumes, and with the industrial implements, of their native countries.

One of our great rivers is represented as extinguishing in its current the torch of war, while our illustrious forefathers burst their tombs to salute the triumph of the cause to which they consecrated their lives. On the right, sanguinary traces represent the past. Archangels beat down the evil passions of war and domestic discord among the States. From the darkness of ignorance and superstition the colored races emerge into the light of knowledge and civilization—the Indians in the back-ground shading their eyes from the dazzling radiance, and the negroes emancipated and instructed by the whites.

On a rich tapestry in the immediate fore-ground, covered with fruits and flowers, are grouped the geniuses of Peace and Industry. A number of heralds about the statue of Washington proclaim to the four quarters of the globe the glory of the nation which he established.

The picture has been very severely criticised by European critics, and the Paris correspondents of some American newspapers have made it the subject of unsparing ridicule. But, while it must be admitted that the subject is one that offers better facilities for a Latin school composition than for artistic treatment, it can not be denied that the picture is the work of a man of genius, and bears the mark of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. It is somewhat singular that M. Yvon should have dressed in the Confederate gray uniform the soldier who is assisting the negro to rise. We are curious to know whether this was accidental or intentional.

It is the intention of Mr. Stewart to place this painting in his magnificent gallery in this city.



THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERI PAI

THE TREASURE STONES.

It was Christmas-eve in a small farm in the neighborhood of Plouhinec, beyond Hennebont.

No one was at home; the master, mistress, children, and servants were all gone to midnight mass. The sound of church bells was still heard across the heath, now covered with a thin layer of snow. Only an old woman, too old and infirm to go to church, was sitting up beside the fire.

A beggar was in the stable, asleep between a lean ox that drew the little plow and an old ass, worn out with carrying bundles of heather or of rushes dried in the sun. The poor man had reached the farm after the departure of the farmer, and the old woman had given him a cake of black bread and a cup of milk, and then allowed him to go to bed in the stable.

He slept peacefully till he was awakened by voices near him. He listened, thinking it was the people of the farm come home; but he soon perceived, to his amazement, that the ox and the ass beside him were conversing in good Breton. The ass had turned toward the ox, who was reposing on his litter; and the beggar Scriven remembered he had heard it said by old people that, in memory of the hospitality shown by the ox and the ass to the infant Jesus, once a year, at midnight on Christmas-eve, the inhabitants of the stable were endowed with the gift of speech, and were able to converse about their affairs like human beings.

Scriven was sharp and cléver. It was not for nothing that he had carried his wallet from parish to parish, making capital of his broken leg, and living as a beggar on the charity of kind folks. He did not make the least movement that might betray his presence, lest he should silence his bed-fellows, whose conversation he was so eager to hear.

The ox was saying to the ass, "One never does what one wants to do. If I were not tied here, I would go and take a walk on the heath, that I might be at liberty for once; and if I met Beneadik, the plowman of Pluvigner, I would tell him something."

"What would you tell him?" asked the ass, who seemed depressed by bad treatment.

"Ah, you do not like Beneadik as I do. He does not drive you; and that good-for-nothing Kaolo has given you so many blows that you can hardly stand any more. But the master has never had such a plowman as Beneadik. He talks to me as if I were a Christian; and if he pricks me at all when I go too slow, it is so gently that I scarcely feel it. He is always afraid of doing harm, and has no wish but to do good. If he looks often toward Mariemik, it is no wonder, for he wants to make her his wife. If he only knew—! He would soon be rich enough to buy the farm, the furniture, and all the land; and the master, instead of snubbing him, would stand before him cap in hand."

Scriven began to listen with all his ears; and the ass, who was lying on his litter of heather, turned himself languidly round.

"You mean that you want him to find the treasure that the Stones of Plouhinec will leave uncovered one of these days? By the stable of St. Joseph, if he had the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover, they would be of some use to him when the Stones go down to drink at the Intel! But it happens only once in a hundred years, and he will know nothing about it."

"Besides," rejoined the ox, "if there can not be found in these parts a baptized Christian who will give his life for him, he will be crushed by the Stones when they come back. But, after all, he would never let another be killed for him, and the good God will show him some other way of becoming rich enough to marry Mariemik."

The ass had fallen asleep, and all was again silent in the stable. Scriven alone was awake, with a terrible temptation gnawing at his heart. Why should he not profit by the knowledge of the existence of this treasure, which had just been revealed to him in so strange a manner? He was tired of begging. It was no longer the good trade that it used to be; the times were hard, and although charitable people might still give the beggar the best place in the chimney corner, and the largest piece of bread, ill-natured folks often let him wait at the door, and after all threw him only a dry crust. He knew very well where to find the magical herbs—on the way as you go from the sea-coast toward the country where it never freezes, where the myrtles are in flower in winter, and violets open in February in the woods. Scriven stopped, however, in his meditations when he came to the last condition of the great enterprise. Where was he to find a baptized Christian who would give his life for him?

He did not yet dare to ask himself aloud how he should delude any one, and allure him to his death. But the devil had already suggested dark schemes to him. The treasure glittered before poor Scriven's greedy eyes. He fancied he saw handfuls of gold, diamonds, and large bags of silver, and between sleeping and waking he gave himself up to these dangerous dreams. After he was quite asleep the master and mistress, with their children and servants, returned from church.

When he woke in the morning he saw Beneadik, who was arranging the litters of the animals. He did not know him, but the caresses he bestowed on the ox from time to time, as well as the sweet words he exchanged in low tones with Mariemik, who was helping her mother in the kitchen, induced him to examine the plowman more carefully. Wickedness had already established itself in Scriven's heart. When he left the farm about mid-day his wallet was well furnished. He looked forward to the Stones of Plouhinec, which stood out in the snow irregular and clear, like a troop of soldiers standing still upon the field of battle. He contemplated them for a minute; then he went back to take another look at Beneadik, and at last plunged into the heath, walking in the direction of the sea.

Three or four days had passed, and the short winter's day had begun to close. The ground was still covered with snow, and the ox ruminated softly in the stable, blessing Heaven that had wrapped the earth in a white shroud.

No work could be done, and Beneadik, whistling gayly in spite of the growing darkness, was striking one of the largest of the stones of Plouhinec with a chisel and hammer. The poor fellow was not, however, really gay, for the mistress, who had observed that Mariemik liked to talk to him, had warned her husband, who at once gave the Pluvigner lad notice to leave. When Beneadik asked the cause of this abrupt dismissal, the mas
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And Beneadik quietly finished his work, completing the cross he had begun to cut upon the stone.

"Listen to me," said the beggar, in a low voice. "What would you give me if I were to make you rich enough to marry Mariemik to-morrow if you like, or even to look elsewhere and higher if you have a mind to do so?"

Beneadik's tools dropped from his hands. "Rich," he gasped, in a choking voice; "Mariemik!" He was so much excited that he could not find words, but he looked eagerly at the beggar.

"I know," said Scriven, "that these Stones," and he touched the large one on which Beneadik had just cut the sign of the Cross, "will this very night tear themselves up from the ground on which they rest, and go to drink at the river Intel. Under them is hidden a treasure so great that no eye has ever seen the like. A single person would never be able to carry it off before the stones come back to their place; but, if you will help me, I swear by your patron saint that you shall never again need to bow your head to any man."

Beneadik seized the beggar's hands in his, not noticing how they trembled. "If you will only make me rich enough to obtain Mariemik from her father," he cried, "you may take all the rest; you shall have my gratitude into the bargain, and my services by day and by night, in fair weather or foul; except Mariemik and my hope of heaven, I will refuse you nothing that you can ask of me."

Scriven smiled; but it was dark by this time, and, besides, Beneadik was too happy and too trustful to comprehend the look of troubled joy that passed over the face of his companion.

"I will stay here and watch beside the Stones," said the beggar. "I have something in my gourd which will keep out the cold. You have still a place at the fireside and table of the farm-house: go back to supper, and when you look at Mariemik say to yourself that to-morrow she will be yours if our enterprise succeeds; and then at eleven o'clock come back here to me."

Scriven was eager to get rid of Beneadik, for the young man's gratitude weighed upon his mind till his remorse was insupportable. "It must be," he kept repeating to himself; "and he is such a good Christian that he will go straight to heaven."

Beneadik found it very difficult to conceal his joy; in the darkest moment of his grief a strange hope had risen before him. Mariemik looked at him in amazement; she had blushed when during that day her mother had said in her hearing that Beneadik was about to leave them to seek his fortune elsewhere, but she had bravely restrained her tears, waiting till she was alone to weep. Now, however, the joy that she read in Beneadik's face almost overcame her courage. Was he then so happy to go away from her?

Scriven had desired him, above all things, to keep their secret; but it was well that it was for so short a time, or Beneadik would never have been able to be silent when he saw Mariemik's sad looks. He stood for a moment before the crucifix and repeated a prayer; then turning to take one more look at the young girl, he went out to the stable, where he could hide his agitation and his hopes; he caressed the ox, who looked up at the sound of his voice; and then, before it was quite eleven o'clock, he went back to look for Scriven at the Stones of Plouhinec.

The beggar seemed almost benumbed with the cold, and scarcely spoke. The voice of conscience, which he had tried to stifle so often during these two days, was now at last silenced in his heart. Dreams of riches, pleasure, and greatness filled his thoughts; he felt no desire to reward those who had been kind to him; but he determined to be revenged on all who had ever slighted or repulsed him.

From time to time he glanced at his companion, who sang in a low voice some verses of a Christmas hymn, or repeated a prayer. Beneadik was a little uneasy at what he was about to do; and he commended himself to God, to the Holy Virgin, and to his guardian angel, that he might be preserved from the wiles of the devil, who had doubtless in former days hidden this treasure over which the Stones of Plouhinec kept watch.

Scriven at last desired him to be quiet. "No one knows," said he, "who may be listening to you." But Beneadik prayed more fervently than ever in his heart; for it seemed to him that all the elves and sprites of the heath were dancing round him.

At last twelve o'clock struck; the church was a long way off, but the twelve strokes sounded clearly across the long stretch of bare fields, now covered with snow.

Scriven had risen up, and roughly drawn his companion out of the shadow of the Stones. As the last stroke died away they began to stir, loosening themselves by a violent effort from the earth in which they were embedded; they swayed about and leaned against each other like tipsy men; then springing forward irregularly they rushed away together in the direction of the river, bounding over the frozen earth, and in their passage crushing the slender birch-trees on the heath and the great clusters of reeds like wisps of straw.

Scriven seized Beneadik's arm. "Come," he said, in a voice so hoarse that no one would have recognized it; and they both ran to the place where the Stones had stood. The ground was plowed up as if by bomb-shells on a battle-field, and in every hole were seen gold and silver and precious stones.

Beneadik was so dazzled that he would have stood still to gaze at them, but Scriven forced him to stoop and pick up some of the treasure. "Take all you can," he whispered; "they will be back immediately."

As he spoke he filled all the empty bags that he had brought in his beggar's wallet. Beneadik also stuffed the gold into his pockets, and both his hands were full when a loud and terrible noise made him start up suddenly.

"The Stones!" he cried; and they were in fact rushing back again even faster than they had run away, as if they were in a hurry to return to their places and to the treasures over which they watched. As they advanced they formed themselves into an immense circle, and Beneadik saw at a glance that they were surrounded.

"We are lost!" he cried.

"Not I," said the beggar, drawing from his bosom the cross-wort and the five-leaved clover that it had cost him so much trouble to find on the sea-shore. "The Stones of Plouhinec never harm any one who carries these plants with him. I must have a baptized Christian to stay here after I have carried off the treasure, and I expect this favor from you," he said, with a diabolical laugh.

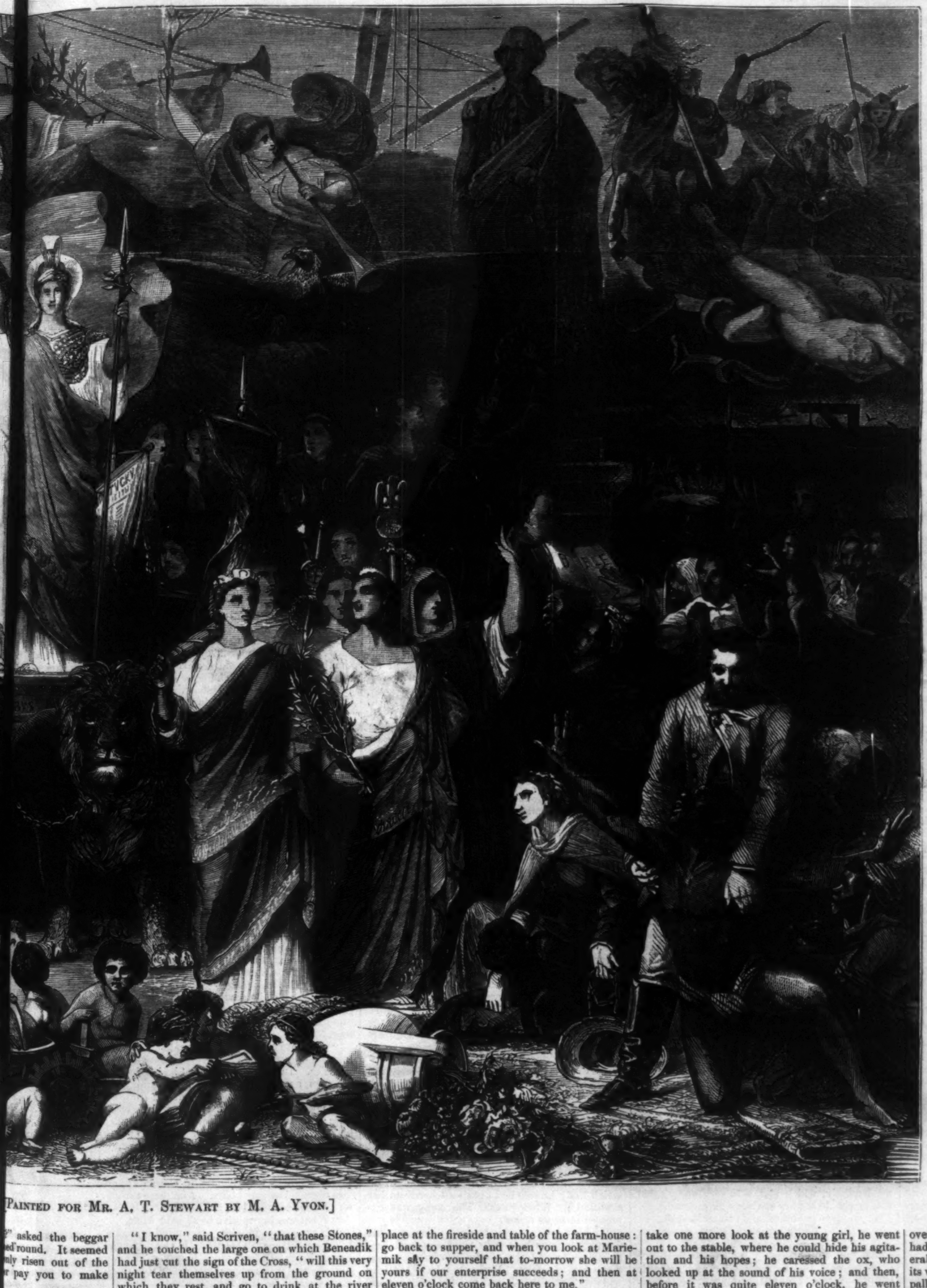
The Stones turned aside as he presented the magic plants to them, and, forming themselves again into a column behind the largest one, they advanced directly upon Beneadik, who had fallen on his knees in an agony of terror.

The beggar by this time had shut up his bags, and was preparing to fly.

In less time than it has taken to tell, the terrible battalion had reached the plowman of Pluvigner, but at sight of him the largest stone stood suddenly still; it bore the sign of the Cross, and could do no harm to a Christian. Beneadik was still on his knees, confusedly murmuring prayers mingled with the name of Mariemik, when the great stone placed itself in front of him like a rampart, and protected him with its enormous size; and the rest, separating, rolled into their places, once more hiding from human gaze those treasures on which rash eyes had ventured to look for a time.

Scriven meanwhile found the gold that he had collected press so heavily on his shoulders that he threw away his bags, hoping some other time to come back and look for them. His only thought now was how to save his life, for when the large stone had accomplished its work of protection it began to roll back like the others into its place; the beggar was in front of it, and, though he held up the magic plants in his trembling hands, they had no power over the stone on which the sign of the Cross had been made; it rolled on, leaving the miserable man behind it, crushed to death under its weight. His horror-stricken companion, appalled by the sight, fell forward insensible on the ground.

Beneadik appeared the next morning at the farm-house loaded with gold, and staggering under the weight of the bags he had picked up on the heath; but he had grown ten years older, and it was only after many years of happiness with Mariemik and his children that he ceased to tremble when he heard the clock strike twelve at midnight.



[Painted for Mr. A. T. Stewart by M. A. Yvon.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-SECOND.

THE APPARITION.

THE night had advanced. It was close on twelve o'clock, when Anne heard the servant's voice, outside her bedroom door, asking leave to speak with her for a moment.

"What is it?"

"The gentleman down stairs wishes to see you, ma'am."

"Do you mean Mr. Delamayn's brother?"

"Yes."

"Where is Mr. Delamayn?"

"Out in the garden, ma'am."

Anne went down stairs, and found Julius alone in the drawing-room.

"I am sorry to disturb you," he said. "I am afraid Geoffrey is ill. The landlady has gone to bed, I am told—and I don't know where to apply for medical assistance. Do you know of any doctor in the neighborhood?"

Anne, like Julius, was a perfect stranger to the neighborhood. She suggested making inquiry of the servant. On speaking to the girl, it turned out that she knew of a medical man, living within ten minutes' walk of the cottage. She could give plain directions enabling any person to find the place—but she was afraid, at that hour of the night and in that lonely neighborhood, to go out by herself.

"Is he seriously ill?" Anne asked.

"He is in such a state of nervous irritability," said Julius, "that he can't remain still for two moments together in the same place. It began with incessant restlessness while he was reading here. I persuaded him to go to bed. He couldn't lie still for an instant—he came down again, burning with fever, and more restless than ever. He is out in the garden in spite of every thing I could do to prevent him; trying, as he says, to 'run it off.' It appears to be serious to *me*. Come and judge for yourself."

He led Anne into the next room; and, opening the shutter, pointed to the garden.

The clouds had cleared off; the night was fine. The clear starlight showed Geoffrey, stripped to his shirt and drawers, running round and round the garden. He apparently believed himself to be contending at the Fulham foot-race. At times, as the white figure circled round and round in the starlight, they heard him cheering for "the South." The slackening thump of his feet on the ground, the heavier and heavier gasps in which he drew his breath, as he passed the window, gave warning that his strength was failing him. Exhaustion, if it led to no worse consequences, would force him to return to the house. In the state of his brain at that moment, who could say what the result might be, if medical help was not called in?

"I will go for the doctor," said Julius, "if you don't mind my leaving you."

It was impossible for Anne to set any apprehensions of her own against the plain necessity for summoning assistance. They found the key of the gate in the pocket of Geoffrey's coat up stairs. Anne went with Julius to let him out. "How can I thank you!" she said, gratefully. "What should I have done without *you!*"

"I won't be a moment longer than I can help," he answered, and left her.

She secured the gate again, and went back to the cottage. The servant met her at the door, and proposed calling up Hester Dethridge.

"We don't know what the master may do while his brother's away," said the girl. "And one more of us isn't one too many, when we are only women in the house."

"You are quite right," said Anne. "Wake your mistress."

After ascending the stairs, they looked out into the garden, through the window at the end of the passage on the upper floor. He was still going round and round, but very slowly: his pace was fast slackening to a walk.

Anne went back to her room, and waited near the open door—ready to close and fasten it instantly if any thing occurred to alarm her. "How changed I am!" she thought to herself. "Every thing frightens me, now."

The inference was the natural one—but not the true one. The change was not in herself, but in the situation in which she was placed. Her position during the investigation at Lady Lundie's house had tried her moral courage only. It had exacted from her one of those noble efforts of self-sacrifice which the hidden forces in a woman's nature are essentially capable of making. Her position at the cottage tried her physical courage: it called on her to rise superior to the sense of actual bodily danger—while that danger was lurking in the dark. There, the woman's nature sank under the stress laid on it—there, her courage could strike no root in the strength of her love—there, the animal instincts were the instincts appealed to; and the firmness wanted was the firmness of a man.

Hester Dethridge's door opened. She walked straight into Anne's room.

The yellow clay-cold color of her face showed a faint flush of warmth; its deathlike stillness was stirred by a touch of life. The stony eyes, fixed as ever in their gaze, shone strangely with a dim inner lustre. Her gray hair, so neatly arranged at other times, was in disorder under her cap. All her movements were quicker than usual. Something had roused the stagnant vitality in the woman—it was working in her mind; it was forcing itself outward into her face. The servants at Windygates, in past times, had seen these signs, and had known them for a warning to leave Hester Dethridge to herself.

Anne asked her if she had heard what had happened.

She bowed her head.

"I hope you don't mind being disturbed?"

She wrote on her slate: "I'm glad to be disturbed. I have been dreaming bad dreams. It's good for me to be wakened, when sleep takes me backward in my life. What's wrong with you? Frightened?"

"Yes."

She wrote again, and pointed toward the garden with one hand, while she held the slate up with the other: "Frightened of *him?*"

"Terribly frightened."

She wrote for the third time, and offered the slate to Anne with a ghastly smile: "I have been through it all. I know. You're only at the beginning now. He'll put the wrinkles in your face, and the gray in your hair. There will come a time when you'll wish yourself dead and buried. You will live through it, for all that. Look at Me."

As she read the last three words, Anne heard the garden door below opened and banged to again. She caught Hester Dethridge by the arm, and listened. The tramp of Geoffrey's feet, staggering heavily in the passage, gave token of his approach to the stairs. He was talking to himself, still possessed by the delusion that he was at the foot-race. "Five to four on Delamayn. Delamayn's won. Three cheers for the South, and one cheer more. Devilish long race. Night already! Perry! where's Perry?"

He advanced, staggering from side to side of the passage. The stairs below creaked as he set his foot on them. Hester Dethridge dragged herself free from Anne, advanced, with her candle in her hand, and threw open Geoffrey's bedroom door; returned to the head of the stairs; and stood there, firm as a rock, waiting for him. He looked up, as he set his foot on the next stair, and met the view of Hester's face, brightly illuminated by the candle, looking down at him. On the instant he stopped, rooted to the place on which he stood. "Ghost! witch! devil!" he cried out, "take your eyes off me!" He shook his fist at her furiously, with an oath—sprang back into the hall—and shut himself into the dining-room from the sight of her. The panic which had seized him once already in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, under the eyes of the dumb cook, had fastened its hold on him once more. Frightened—absolutely frightened—of Hester Dethridge!

The gate-bell rang. Julius had returned with the doctor.

Anne gave the key to the girl to let them in. Hester wrote on her slate, as composedly as if nothing had happened: "They'll find me in the kitchen, if they want me. I sha'n't go back to my bedroom. My bedroom's full of bad dreams." She descended the stairs. Anne waited in the upper passage, looking over into the hall below. "Your brother is in the drawing-room," she called down to Julius. "The landlady is in the kitchen, if you want her." She returned to her room, and waited for what might happen next.

After a brief interval she heard the drawing-room door open, and the voices of the men outside. There seemed to be some difficulty in persuading Geoffrey to ascend the stairs; he persisted in declaring that Hester Dethridge was waiting for him at the top of them. After a little they persuaded him that the way was free. Anne heard them ascend the stairs and close his bedroom door.

Another and a longer interval passed before the door opened again. The doctor was going away. He said his parting words to Julius in the passage. "Look in at him from time to time through the night, and give him another dose of the sedative mixture if he wakes. There is nothing to be alarmed about in the restlessness and the fever. They are only the outward manifestations of some serious mischief hidden under them. Send for the medical man who has last attended him. Knowledge of the patient's constitution is very important knowledge in this case."

As Julius returned from letting the doctor out, Anne met him in the hall. She was at once struck by the worn look in his face, and by the fatigue which expressed itself in all his movements.

"You want rest," she said. "Pray go to your room. I have heard what the doctor said to you. Leave it to the landlady and to me to sit up."

Julius owned that he had been traveling from Scotland during the previous night. But he was unwilling to abandon the responsibility of watching his brother. "You are not strong enough, I am sure, to take my place," he said, kindly. "And Geoffrey has some unreasoning horror of the landlady, which makes it very undesirable that he should see her again, in his present state. I will go up to my room, and rest on the bed. If you hear any thing you have only to come and call me."

An hour more passed.

Anne went to Geoffrey's door and listened. He was stirring in his bed, and muttering to himself. She went on to the door of the next room, which Julius had left partly open. Fatigue had overpowered him; she heard, within, the quiet breathing of a man in a sound sleep. Anne turned back again resolved not to disturb him.

At the head of the stairs she hesitated—not knowing what to do. Her horror of entering Geoffrey's room, by herself, was insurmountable. But who else was to do it? The girl had gone to bed. The reason which Julius had given for not employing the assistance of Hester Dethridge was unanswerable. She listened again at Geoffrey's door. No sound was now audible in the room to a person in the passage outside. Would it be well to look in, and make sure that he had only fallen asleep again? She hesitated once more—she was still hesitating, when Hester Dethridge appeared from the kitchen.

She joined Anne at the top of the stairs—looked at her—and wrote a line on her slate: "Frightened to go in? Leave it to Me."

The silence in the room justified the inference that he was asleep. If Hester looked in, Hester could do no harm now. Anne accepted the proposal.

"If you find any thing wrong," she said, "don't disturb his brother. Come to me first."

With that caution she withdrew. It was then nearly two in the morning. She, like Julius, was sinking from fatigue. After waiting a little, and hearing nothing, she threw herself on the sofa in her room. If any thing happened, a knock at the door would rouse her instantly.

In the mean while Hester Dethridge opened Geoffrey's bedroom door and went in.

The movements and the mutterings which Anne had heard, had been movements and mutterings in his sleep. The doctor's composing draught, partially disturbed in its operation for the moment only, had recovered its sedative influence on his brain. Geoffrey was in a deep and quiet sleep.

Hester stood near the door, looking at him. She moved to go out again—stopped—and fixed her eyes suddenly on one of the inner corners of the room.

The same sinister change which had passed over her once already in Geoffrey's presence, when they met in the kitchen-garden at Windygates, now passed over her again. Her closed lips dropped apart. Her eyes slowly dilated—moved, inch by inch from the corner, following something along the empty wall, in the direction of the bed—stopped at the head of the bed, exactly above Geoffrey's sleeping face—stared, rigid and glittering, as if they saw a sight of horror close over it. He sighed faintly in his sleep. The sound, slight as it was, broke the spell that held her. She slowly lifted her withered hands, and wrung them above her head; fled back across the passage; and, rushing into her room, sank on her knees at the bedside.

Now, in the dead of night, a strange thing happened. Now, in the silence and the darkness, a hideous secret was revealed.

In the sanctuary of her own room—with all the other inmates of the house sleeping round her—the dumb woman threw off the mysterious and terrible disguise under which she deliberately isolated herself among her fellow-creatures in the hours of the day. Hester Dethridge spoke. In low, thick, smothered accents—in a wild litany of her own—she prayed. She called upon the mercy of God for deliverance from herself; for deliverance from the possession of the Devil; for blindness to fall on her, for death to strike her, so that she might never see that unnamed Horror more! Sobs shook the whole frame of the stony woman whom nothing human moved at other times. Tears poured over those clay-cold cheeks. One by one, the frantic words of her prayer died away on her lips. Fierce shuddering fits shook her from head to foot. She started up from her knees in the darkness. Light! light! light! The unnamed Horror was behind her in his room. The unnamed Horror was looking at her through his open door. She found the match-box, and lit the candle on her table—lit the two other candles set for ornament only on the mantle-piece—and looked all round the brightly lighted little room. "Aha!" she said to herself, wiping the cold sweat of her agony from her face. "Candles to other people. God's light to *me*. Nothing to be seen! nothing to be seen!" Taking one of the candles in her hand, she crossed the passage, with her head down, turned her back on Geoffrey's open door, closed it quickly and softly, stretching out her hand behind her, and retreated again to her own room. She fastened the door, and took an ink-bottle and a pen from the mantle-piece. After considering for a moment, she hung a handkerchief over the keyhole, and laid an old shawl longwise at the bottom of the door, so as to hide the light in her room from the observation of any one in the house who might wake and come that way. This done, she opened the upper part of her dress, and, slipping her fingers into a secret pocket hidden in the inner side of her stays, produced from it some neatly folded leaves of thin paper. Spread out on the table, the leaves revealed themselves—all but the last—as closely covered with writing, in her own hand.

The first leaf was headed by this inscription: "My Confession. To be put into my coffin, and to be buried with me when I die."

She turned the manuscript over, so as to get at the last page. The greater part of it was left blank. A few lines of writing, at the top, bore the date of the day of the week and month on which Lady Lundie had dismissed her from her situation at Windygates. The entry was expressed in these terms:

"I have seen IT again to-day. The first time for two months past. In the kitchen-garden. Standing behind the young gentleman whose name is Delamayn. Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you. I have resisted. By prayer. By meditation in solitude. By reading good books. I have left my place. I have lost sight of the young gentleman for good. Who will IT stand behind? and point to next? Lord have mercy upon me! Christ have mercy upon me!"

Under this she now added the following lines, first carefully prefixing the date:

"I have seen IT again to-night. I notice one awful change. IT has appeared twice behind the same person. This has never happened before. This makes the temptation more terrible than ever. To-night, in his bedroom, between the bed-head and the wall, I have seen IT behind young Mr. Delamayn again. The head just above his face, and the finger pointing downward at his throat. Twice behind this one man. And never twice behind any other living creature till now. If I see IT a third time behind him—Lord deliver me! Christ deliver me! I daren't think of it. He shall leave my cottage to-morrow. I would fain have drawn back from the bargain, when the stranger took the lodgings for his friend, and the friend proved to be Mr. Delamayn. I didn't like it, even then. After the warning to-night, my mind is made up. He shall go. He may have his money back, if he likes. He shall go. (Memorandum: Felt the temptation whispering this time, and the terror tearing at me all the while, as I have never felt them yet. Resisted, as before, by prayer. Am now going down stairs to meditate against it in solitude—to fortify myself against it by good books. Lord be merciful to me a sinner!)"

In those words she closed the entry, and put the manuscript back in the secret pocket in her stays.

She went down to the little room looking on the garden, which had once been her brother's study. There she lit a lamp, and took some books from a shelf that hung against the wall. The books were the Bible, a volume of Methodist sermons, and a set of collected Memoirs of Methodist saints. Ranging these last carefully round her, in an order of her own, Hester Dethridge sat down with the Bible on her lap to watch out the night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-THIRD.

WHAT had happened in the hours of darkness?

This was Anne's first thought, when the sunlight poured in at her window, and woke her the next morning.

She made immediate inquiry of the servant. The girl could only speak for herself. Nothing had occurred to disturb her after she had gone to bed. Her master was still, she believed, in his room. Mrs. Dethridge was at her work in the kitchen.

Anne went to the kitchen. Hester Dethridge was at her usual occupation at that time—preparing the breakfast. The slight signs of animation which Anne had noticed in her when they last met appeared no more. The dull look was back again in her stony eyes; the lifeless torpor possessed all her movements. Asked if any thing had happened in the night, she slowly shook her stolid head, slowly made the sign with her hand which signified, "Nothing."

Leaving the kitchen, Anne saw Julius in the front garden. She went out and joined him.

"I believe I have to thank your consideration for me for some hours of rest," he said. "It was five in the morning when I woke. I hope you had no reason to regret having left me to sleep? I went into Geoffrey's room, and found him stirring. A second dose of the mixture composed him again. The fever has gone. He looks weaker and paler, but in other respects like himself. We will return directly to the question of his health. I have something to say to you, first, about a change which may be coming in your life here."

"Has he consented to the separation?"

"No. He is as obstinate about it as ever. I have placed the matter before him in every possible light. He still refuses, positively refuses, a provision which would make him an independent man for life."

"Is it the provision he might have had, Lord Holchester, if—?"

"If he had married Mrs. Glenarm? No. It is impossible, consistently with my duty to my mother, and with what I owe to the position in which my father's death has placed me, that I can offer him such a fortune as Mrs. Glenarm's. Still, it is a handsome income which he is mad enough to refuse. I shall persist in pressing it on him. He must and shall take it."

Anne felt no reviving hope roused in her by his last words. She turned to another subject.

"You had something to tell me," she said. "You spoke of a change."

"True. The landlady here is a very strange person; and she has done a very strange thing. She has given Geoffrey notice to quit these lodgings."

"Notice to quit?" Anne repeated, in amazement.

"Yes. In a formal letter. She handed it to me open, as soon as I was up this morning. It was impossible to get any explanation from her. The poor dumb creature simply wrote on her slate: 'He may have his money back, if he likes: he shall go!' Greatly to my surprise (for the woman inspires him with the strongest aversion) Geoffrey refuses to go until his term is up. I have made the peace between them for to-day. Mrs. Dethridge, very reluctantly, consents to give him four-and-twenty hours. And there the matter rests at present."

"What can her motive be?" said Anne.

"It's useless to inquire. Her mind is evidently off its balance. One thing is clear, Geoffrey can not keep you here much longer. The coming change will remove you from this dismal place—which is one thing gained. And it is quite possible that new scenes and new surroundings may have their influence on Geoffrey for good. His conduct—otherwise quite incomprehensible—may be the result of some latent nervous irritation which medical help might reach. I don't attempt to disguise from myself or from you, that your position here is a most deplorable one. But before we despair of the future, let us at least inquire whether there is any explanation of my brother's present behavior to be found in the present state of my brother's health. I have been considering what the doctor said to me last night. The first thing to do is to get the best medical advice on Geoffrey's case which is to be had. What do you think?"

"I daren't tell you what I think, Lord Holchester. I will try—it is a very small return to make for your kindness—I will try to see my position with your eyes, not with mine. The best medical advice that you can obtain is the advice of Mr. Speedwell. It was he who first made the discovery that your brother was in broken health."

"The very man for our purpose! I will send him here to-day or to-morrow. Is there any thing else I can do for you? I shall see Sir Patrick as soon as I get to town. Have you any message for him?"

Anne hesitated. Looking attentively at her, Julius noticed that she changed color when he mentioned Sir Patrick's name.

"Will you say that I gratefully thank him for the letter which Lady Holchester was so good as to give me last night," she replied. "And will you entreat him, from me, not to expose himself, on my account, to—" she hesitated, and finished the sentence with her eyes on the ground—"to what might happen, if he came here and insisted on seeing me."

"Does he propose to do that?"

She hesitated again. The little nervous contraction of her lips at one side of the mouth became more marked than usual. "He writes that his anxiety is unendurable, and that he is resolved to see me," she answered, softly.

"He is likely to hold to his resolution, I think," said Julius. "When I saw him yesterday, Sir Patrick spoke of you in terms of admiration—"

He stopped. The bright tears were glittering on Anne's eyelashes; one of her hands was toying nervously with something hidden (possibly Sir Patrick's letter) in the bosom of her dress. "I thank him with my whole heart," she said, in low, faltering tones. "But it is best that he should not come here."

"Would you like to write to him?"

"I think I should prefer your giving him my message."

Julius understood that the subject was to proceed no further. Sir Patrick's letter had produced some impression on her, which the sensitive nature of the woman seemed to shrink from acknowledging, even to herself. They turned back to enter the cottage. At the door they were met by a surprise. Hester Dethridge, with her bonnet on—dressed, at that hour of the morning, to go out!

"Are you going to market already?" Anne asked.

Hester shook her head.

"When are you coming back?"

Hester wrote on her slate: "Not till the night-time."

Without another word of explanation she pulled her veil down over her face, and made for the gate. The key had been left in the dining-room by Julius, after he had let the doctor out. Hester had it in her hand. She opened the gate, and closed the door after her, leaving the key in the lock. At the moment when the door banged to Geoffrey appeared in the passage.

"Where's the key?" he asked. "Who's gone out?"

His brother answered the question. He looked backward and forward suspiciously between Julius and Anne. "What does she go out for at this time?" he said. "Has she left the house to avoid Me?"

Julius thought this the likely explanation. Geoffrey went down sulkily to the gate to lock it, and returned to them, with the key in his pocket.

"I'm obliged to be careful of the gate," he said. "The neighborhood swarms with beggars and tramps. If you want to go out," he added, turning pointedly to Anne, "I'm at your service, as a good husband ought to be."

After a hurried breakfast Julius took his departure. "I don't accept your refusal," he said to his brother, before Anne. "You will see me here again." Geoffrey obstinately repeated the refusal. "If you come here every day of your life," he said, "it will be just the same."

The gate closed on Julius. Anne returned again to the solitude of her own chamber. Geoffrey entered the drawing-room, placed the volumes of the Newgate Calendar on the table before him, and resumed the reading which he had been unable to continue on the evening before.

Hour after hour he doggedly plodded through one case of murder after another. He had read one good half of the horrid chronicle of crime before his power of fixing his attention began to fail him. Then he lit his pipe, and went out to think over it in the garden. However the atrocities of which he had been reading might differ in other respects, there was one terrible point of resemblance, which he had not anticipated, and in which every one of the cases agreed. Sooner or later, there was the dead body always certain to be found; always bearing its dumb witness, in the traces of poison or in the marks of violence, to the crime committed on it.

He walked to and fro slowly, still pondering over the problem which had first found its way into his mind when he had stopped in the front garden, and had looked up at Anne's window in the dark. "How?" That had been the one question before him, from the time when the lawyer had annihilated his hopes of a divorce. It remained the one question still. There was no answer to it in his own brain; there was no answer to it in the book which he had been consulting. Every thing was in his favor if he could only find out "how." He had got his hated wife up stairs at his mercy—thanks to his refusal of the money which Julius had offered to him. He was living in a place absolutely secluded from public observation on all sides of it—thanks to his resolution to remain at the cottage, even after his landlady had insulted him by sending him a notice to quit. Every thing had been prepared, every thing had been sacrificed, to the fulfillment of one purpose—and how to attain that purpose was still the same impenetrable mystery to him which it had been from the first!

What was the other alternative? To accept the proposal which Julius had made. In other words, to give up his vengeance on Anne, and to turn his back on the splendid future which Mrs. Glenarm's devotion still offered to him.

Never! He would go back to the books. He was not at the end of them. The slightest hint in the pages which were still to be read might set his sluggish brain working in the right direction. The way to be rid of her, without exciting the suspicion of any living creature, in the house or out of it, was a way that might be found yet.

Could a man, in his position of life, reason in this brutal manner? could he act in this merciless way? Surely the thought of what he was about to do must have troubled him this time!

Pause for a moment—and look back at him in the past.

Did he feel any remorse when he was plotting the betrayal of Arnold in the garden at Windygates? The sense which feels remorse had not been put into him. What he is now is the legitimate consequence of what he was then. A far more serious temptation is now urging him to commit a far more serious crime. How is he to resist? Will his skill in rowing (as Sir Patrick once put it), his swiftness in running, his admirable capacity and endurance in other physical exercises, help him to win a purely moral victory over his own selfishness and his own cruelty? No! The moral and mental neglect of himself, which the material tone of public feeling about him has tacitly encouraged, has left him at the mercy of the worst instincts in his nature—of all that is most vile and of all that is most dangerous in the composition of the natural man. With the mass of his fellows, no harm out of the common has come of this, because no temptation out of the common has passed their way. But with *him*, the case is reversed. A temptation out of the common has passed *his* way. How does it find him prepared to meet it? It finds him, literally and exactly, what his training has left him, in the presence of any temptation small or great—a defenseless man.

Geoffrey returned to the cottage. The servant stopped him in the passage, to ask at what time he wished to dine. Instead of answering, he inquired angrily for Mrs. Dethridge. Mrs. Dethridge had not come back.

It was now late in the afternoon, and she had been out since the early morning. This had never happened before. Vague suspicions of her, one more monstrous than another, began to rise in Geoffrey's mind. Between the drink and the fever, he had been (as Julius had told him) wandering in his mind during a part of the night. Had he let any thing out in that condition? Had Hester heard it? And was it, by any chance, at the bottom of her long absence and her notice to quit? He determined—without letting her see that he suspected her—to clear up that doubt as soon as his landlady returned to the house.

The evening came. It was past nine o'clock before there was a ring at the bell. The servant came to ask for the key. Geoffrey rose to go to the gate himself—and changed his mind before he left the room. *Her* suspicions might be roused (supposing it to be Hester who was waiting for admission) if he opened the gate to her when the servant was there to do it. He gave the girl the key, and kept out of sight.

* * * * * * *

"Dead tired!"—the servant said to herself, seeing her mistress by the light of the lamp over the gate.

"Dead tired!"—Geoffrey said to himself, observing Hester suspiciously as she passed him in the passage on her way up stairs to take off her bonnet in her own room.

"Dead tired!"—Anne said to herself, meeting Hester on the upper floor, and receiving from her a letter in Blanche's handwriting, delivered to the mistress of the cottage by the postman, who had met her at her own gate.

* * * * * * *

Having given the letter to Anne, Hester Dethridge withdrew to her bedroom.

Geoffrey closed the door of the drawing-room, in which the candles were burning, and went into the dining-room, in which there was no light. Leaving the door ajar, he waited to intercept his landlady on her way back to her supper in the kitchen.

Hester wearily secured her door, wearily lit the candles, wearily put the pen and ink on the table. For some minutes after this she was compelled to sit down, and rally her strength and fetch her breath. After a little she was able to remove her upper clothing. This done, she took the manuscript inscribed, "My Confession," out of the secret pocket of her stays—turned to the last leaf as before—and wrote another entry, under the entry made on the previous night.

"This morning I gave him notice to quit, and offered him his money back if he wanted it. He refuses to go. He shall go to-morrow, or I will burn the place over his head. All through to-day I have avoided him by keeping out of the house. No rest to ease my mind, and no sleep to close my eyes. I humbly bear my cross as long as my strength will let me."

At those words the pen dropped from her fingers. Her head nodded on her breast. She roused herself with a start. Sleep was the enemy she dreaded; sleep brought dreams.

She unfastened the window-shutters and looked out at the night. The peaceful moonlight was shining over the garden. The clear depths of the night sky were soothing and beautiful to look at. What! Fading already? clouds? darkness? No! Nearly asleep once more. She roused herself again, with a start. There was the moonlight, and there was the garden as bright under it as ever.

Dreams or no dreams, it was useless to fight longer against the weariness that overpowered her. She closed the shutters, and went back to the bed; and put her Confession in its customary place at night, under her pillow.

She looked round the room—and shuddered. Every corner of it was filled with the terrible memories of the past night. She might wake from the torture of the dreams to find the terror of the Apparition watching at her bedside. Was there no remedy? no blessed safeguard under which she might tranquilly resign herself to sleep? A thought crossed her mind. The good book—the Bible. If she slept with the Bible under her pillow, there was hope in the good book—the hope of sleeping in peace.

It was not worth while to put on the gown and the stays which she had taken off. Her shawl would cover her. It was equally needless to take the candle. The lower shutters would not be closed at that hour; and if they were, she could lay her hand on the Bible, in its place on the parlor book-shelf, in the dark.

She removed the Confession from under the pillow. Not even for a minute could she prevail on herself to leave it in one room while she was away from it in another. With the manuscript folded up, and hidden in her hand, she slowly descended the stairs again. Her knees trembled under her. She was obliged to hold by the banisters with the hand that was free.

Geoffrey observed her from the dining-room, on her way down the stairs. He waited to see what she did, before he showed himself, and spoke to her. Instead of going on into the kitchen, she stopped short, and entered the parlor. Another suspicious circumstance! What did she want in the parlor, without a candle, at that time of night?

She went to the book-case—her dark figure plainly visible in the moonlight that flooded the little room. She staggered and put her hand to her head; giddy, to all appearance, from extreme fatigue. She recovered herself, and took a book from the shelf. She leaned against the wall after she had possessed herself of the book. Too weary, as it seemed, to get up stairs again without a little rest. Her arm-chair was near her. Better rest, for a moment or two, to be had in that than could be got by leaning against the wall. She sat down heavily in the chair, with the book on her lap. One of her arms hung over the arm of the chair, with the hand closed, apparently holding something.

Her head nodded on her breast—recovered itself—and sank gently on the cushion at the back of the chair. Asleep? Fast asleep.

In less than a minute the muscles of the closed hand that hung over the arm of the chair slowly relaxed. Something white slipped out of her hand, and lay in the moonlight on the floor.

Geoffrey took off his heavy shoes, and entered the room noiselessly in his stockings. He picked up the white thing on the floor. It proved to be a collection of several sheets of thin paper, neatly folded together, and closely covered with writing.

Writing? As long as she was awake she had kept it hidden in her hand. Why hide it?

Had he let out any thing to compromise himself when he was light-headed with the fever the night before? and had she taken it down in writing to produce against him? Possessed by guilty distrust, even that monstrous doubt assumed a look of probability to Geoffrey's mind. He left the parlor as noiselessly as he had entered it, and made for the candle-light in the drawing-room, determined to examine the manuscript in his hand.

After carefully smoothing out the folded leaves on the table, he turned to the first page, and read these lines.

"PRIVATE."

ALL secrecy is injurious in its nature. We do not mean to aver that men and women can live without those episodes in their affairs which require privacy. Where is the man who can boast that he is altogether free from the presence of a skeleton in his cupboard? But the fewer that we have of these grinning inmates the better will it be for ourselves and all those who are concerned with us. A secret, if we think of it, has ever some quality of the skeleton. It is to us a secret because the divulging of it would be injurious to us. It is kept hallowed, not because it is a joy, but because it might become a pain. No doubt there is an excitement about a secret—a secret so called—which may to some extent be pleasurable. The knowledge of that which is unknown to others has an allurement. But such pleasure is a poor trifle, and stands apart from the general good or evil of secrecy in the affairs of life. And there is a secrecy which is rather reticence than secrecy, which is born of modesty, and can hurt no possessor of it. It is this feeling which induces us to be silent on our own affairs, because to tell them aloud to the world around us would be an impertinence. A man does not speak to every one he meets in the street of his balance at the banker's, or of his wife's excellence, or his own hopes and fears in regard to saving grace. He has certain reticences which he believes to be wholesome, but which are not kept as secrets because to divulge them would be dangerous or injurious. Any secret kept for that reason—and we all have such secrets—is surely a burden and a sorrow and a skeleton in the cupboard which may come forth some day and grin at us before our friends.

The less of secrecy we have in our lives the better. He who has none, though he may suffer sorrow, is free from that fear of his fellow-men which is the worst of suffering. But the friend, or acquaintance, or stranger, who sends us a letter and writes "private" on the top of it, attempts to impose upon us an added burden, a new secret, another weight, from the bearing of which, in nine cases out of ten, no advantage can accrue to ourselves. There are those attached to most of us, for whom to bear such burdens is the sweetest privilege of our existence. He who has no compact, written or unwritten, with any friend, rendering himself liable to such obligation, is indeed to be pitied. To be subject to no call for private aid can only be the lot of him who can make no claim for private aid on his own behalf. Such a one must be fatherless, childless, wifeless, brotherless, and friendless. But before we admit the claim it will at least be well to consider the position of the claimant, and to ask ourselves whether he has a right to demand from us that we should bear this load which he seeks to impose upon us. If he have no such right bestowed upon him by previous mutual engagements, we hold that he can not establish it by writing the word "private" either on the inside or the outside of a letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE RULING PASSION.—A famous usurer of Paris being on his death-bed, his confessor presented a silver crucifix to him, with a view to awaken him to a sense of his situation. The dying miser, after examining the cross with the most minute attention, suddenly exclaimed, "Sir, I can lend you but a very small sum on such a pledge."

Eighty-one dozen of eggs given to a minister in Illinois at a "donation visit" is called "lay activity."

Jail yards are called hanging gardens.

A new name for the German is "Hugging set to Music."

Human pledges can go no further. The negro voters of Louisville carry a banner inscribed: "We will live on hash before we will vote the Democratic ticket."

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I needn't fret about it,
For I couldn't if I would."

A business house in one of the little villages of Fayette County, Indiana, hangs out a sign, of which we give a true copy below:

lemon
Aid And
lArd oil.

HARD TO BEAT—Carpets.

There is no stated rule for writing love-letters. You should write on foolscap paper, and bear on it as soft as you can, using words of such burning love that they will sizzle on the point of the pen. It is also advisable to sling in a bunch of pathos occasionally, such as "Dearest Augusta, I love you with a love larger than an elephant: I think of you every day, and by-and-by, when the days grow longer, I shall think of you twice a day." It is also well to put an ink-blot in the corner, with the observation, "Darling, I kissed this spot," or, "I hove a sigh in this vicinity."

It has been scientifically discovered that we have no further use for the "little busy bee," as honey can be made better and cheaper by a new process. Bees must go into some other business.

At San Francisco, when the Chinamen were leaving a ship recently arrived there, an Irish stevedore on the wharf cried out to another, "Arrah, Pat, an' what do you call them animals what's coming off the ship with the tails on?" "Shure they're Chiny asthers from the Flowery Kingdom," replied Pat, "an' I'd like to be the gardener that would set them out under the ground. I'd keep them planted deep till next spring, an' then for their obituary I'd write somethin' on 'Tails from Heathen Lands,' an' I would!"

A Rondout grocer notifies the public that he has "Knew Syder for Sail."

A NEW DISCOVERY.—A father was questioning his children one Sunday evening on the portion of sacred writ in Genesis descriptive of the construction of the ark. "How was light admitted into the ark; glass was then unknown?" queried papa of one of the misses. "Oh, Noah just lighted the gas."

BAWL DRESSES—Baby clothes.

A coppersmith, who figured largely in ward-room politics, at a meeting the other night, finding the tide turning against him, exclaimed with a magnanimous air, "I wash my hands of the business." "I guess they need it enough," shouted an impertinent opponent.

A bachelor says that all he should ask for in a wife would be a good temper, health, good understanding, agreeable physiognomy, figure, good connection, domestic habits, resources of amusement, good spirits, conversational talents, elegant manners, and money!

An old hotel-keeper, in Washington, once posted on his dining-room door the following notice: "Members of Congress willl go to the table first, and then the gentlemen. Rowdies and blackguards must not mix with the Congressmen, as it is hard to tell one from the other."

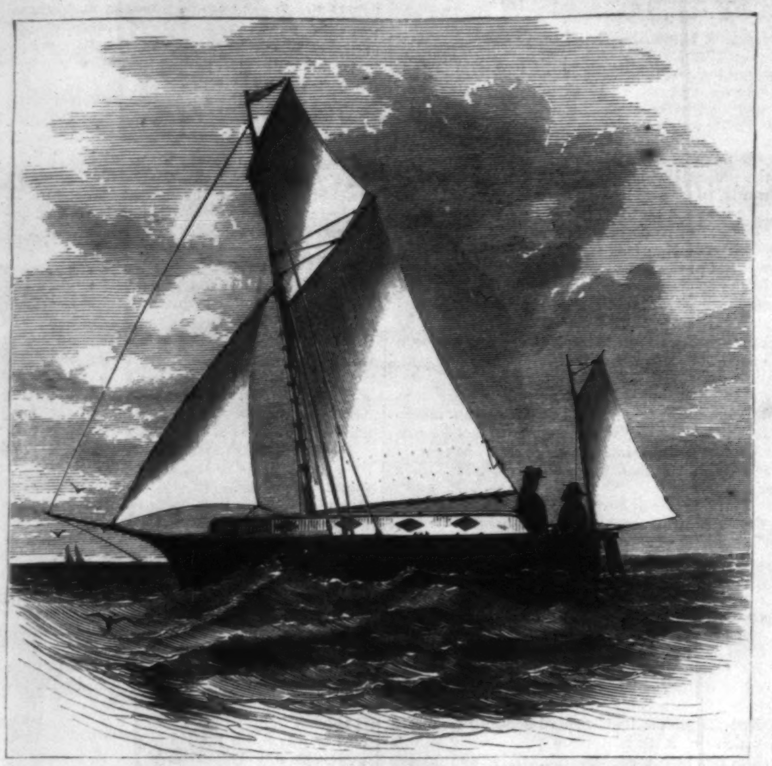
A New Hampshire farmer wanted a farm hand, and was applied to by an Irishman who wanted to work. The farmer objected to engaging Pat on the ground that two Irishmen previously in his employ had died on his hands. "Then you object to hiring me for that, do ye?" said Pat. "Faith and I can bring you ricomendations from many a place where I've worked that I never played such a trick!"

"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. B——," said the man of razors. "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

The North Scituate (Massachusetts) stage overturned lately, having three passengers inside, none of whom were injured. An old lady, who does not come to town often, and who seemed to think that it was all in the play, put her head out of the window, after the coach had upset, and called to the driver, saying that "she guessed she would get out and walk up the hill, if the pesky thing was going to ride so onsteady."

THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

"PORT of Liverpool, granted number 2020. Bonded and drawback stores in the *City of Ragusa*, J. C. BUCKLEY, master, for New York; two men. No passengers or troops. No guns. Two tons." So runs the victualing bill of this tiny vessel, which left the Mersey on the morning of the 3d of June for a run across the Atlantic to New York, and, should that first experiment be a success, a run back again to Liverpool. This vessel formerly belonged to the ship *Breeze*, which foundered in a terrific storm in the Channel, fourteen of the crew succeeding in reaching Ramsey, Isle of Man, in the boat which has thus shown her sea-going qualities. She has since been decked over, with a small cockpit aft; her cabin has been made as comfortable as the limited space will permit, and she carries three months' provisions and one hundred gallons of water, which can be pumped out of the tanks should it be desirable to lighten the vessel. She has been rigged as a yawl, and can also set square-sails on both masts, spreading about seventy yards of canvas. In addition to her sailing power, she is fitted with a two-bladed screw propeller, which can be raised when not in use, and is worked by hand in the same manner as a ship's pump. The crew consists of two men and a Newfoundland dog, all told. The *City of Ragusa* is the smallest vessel ever cleared at the Liverpool Custom-house, and the gentleman who performed that duty for her also cleared the *Great Eastern*. After being out a few days she put into the harbor of Cork, Ireland, to repair, having sprung aleak. At last accounts she was again ready for sea, and only waiting for a favorable wind to start. Her captain expects to make the voyage in about fifty days.



THE "CITY OF RAGUSA."

GOING TO MASS.

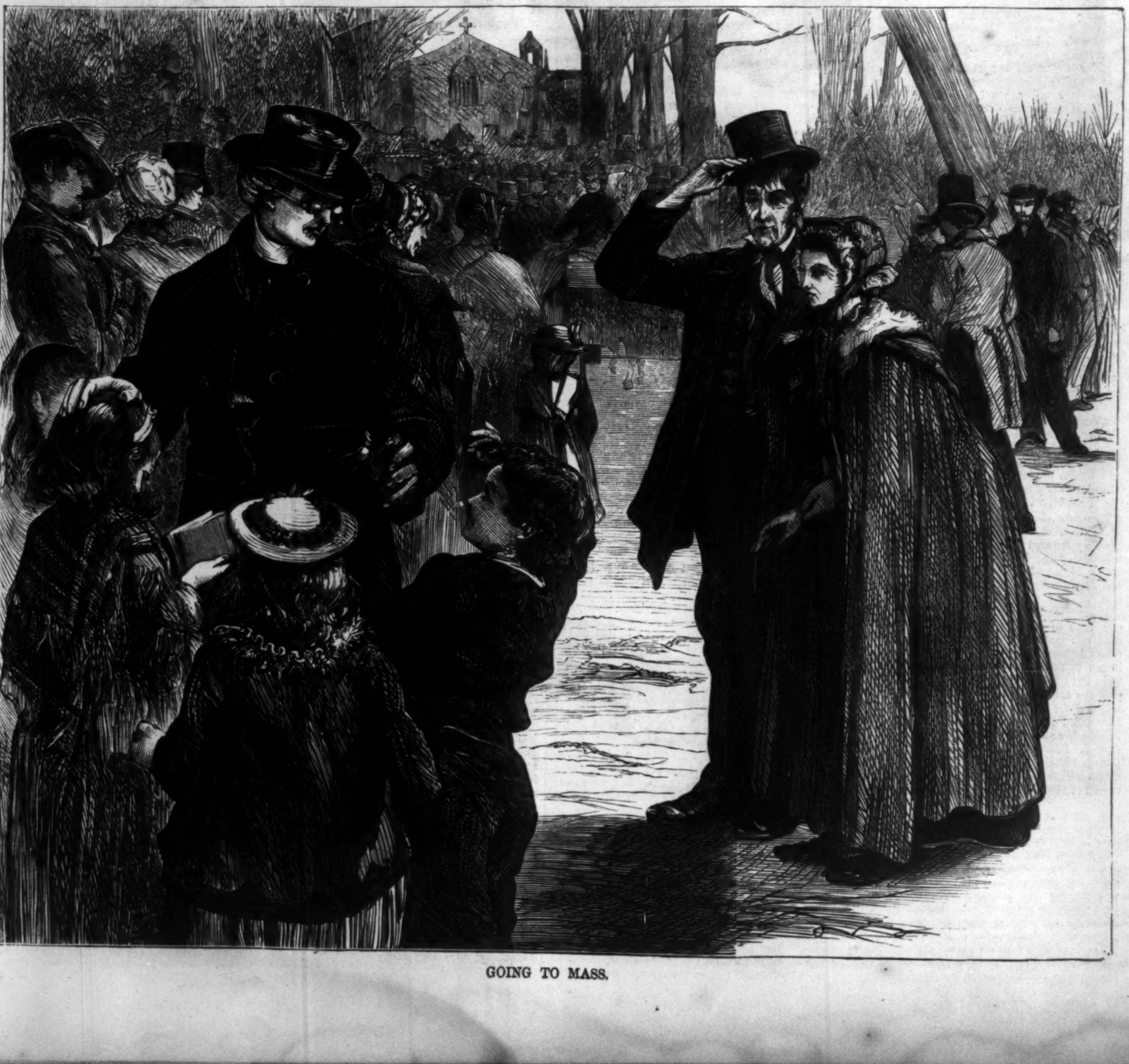
THIS characteristic illustration represents the people of an Irish hamlet, in their Sunday attire, on their way to attend mass. There is a marked difference between their present and their every-day appearance. There is no tattered and loop-holed raggedness now, but in decent attire, they are going to those devotions in the observance of which, to their credit be it said, the Irish peasantry are so regular. The parish would appear to be a populous one, to judge from the congregation that is gathered about the chapel. There are burly well-to-do farmers, country women, shop-keepers, the gentry who have come on their outside car, and the typical peasantry of the country with their long-tailed coats and high-crowned hats, who reverence the priest, till the land, and exercise their time-honored privilege of grumbling. That is a privilege which every body claims, and if Pat has been louder and more persistent in his wailings than others, it must be confessed that he has had hard matter-of-fact wrongs to suffer, as well as many sentimental grievances which others are apt to laugh at, but which are, perhaps, still harder to bear than the practical burdens of real life.

THE ENGLISH GUARDSMAN.

THE histrionic proclivities of the guardsman render him, as a rule, remarkably serviceable in the management of amateur theatricals. On such occasions it is clearly his mission to be utilized to the utmost extent. It is a real charity to teach him to occupy his time. And, on the whole, he does not dislike the sense of the importance which attaches to him as a man idle, indeed, by nature, but capable of great things by art. Once fairly rouse him into energy, and he is indefatigable. He will hunt up acting editions with exemplary patience, will go into the mysteries of theatrical costume; nay, if he has any dexterity with his pencil—an accomplishment not as uncommon with the class as might be expected—he will very likely condescend to devise a dress himself. There is something quite touching in the spectacle of the careful study which the bearded warrior will give to the part that he is called upon to get up. He carries it about with him in his pocket; you may see him taking fitful glances at it in the smoking-room of his club; it lies on his toilet-table while he is occupied with his back hair; he will ask you, in beseeching tones, to dodge him in it, for the purpose of testing his perfection. For two or three whole weeks before the eventful night you may know, from his preoccupied look, that there is seated upon his manly bosom the burden of a great care. In his solitary moments he rehearses before the looking-glass; when he is in company he is given to fits of moody reverie, during which you may observe his lips mechanically moving, as if in silent soliloquy with himself. The poor fellow is, in truth, repeating to himself the lines which he has to commit to memory and to deliver to an enraptured audience in a West End or country house drawing-room. Society is under a great debt to its self-sacrificing hero.

But the demands of society upon its guardsmen do not end here. It is well worth while to notice the effect of the entrance of one of these tawny-mustached, immaculately arrayed warriors into a drawing-room of fair occupants.

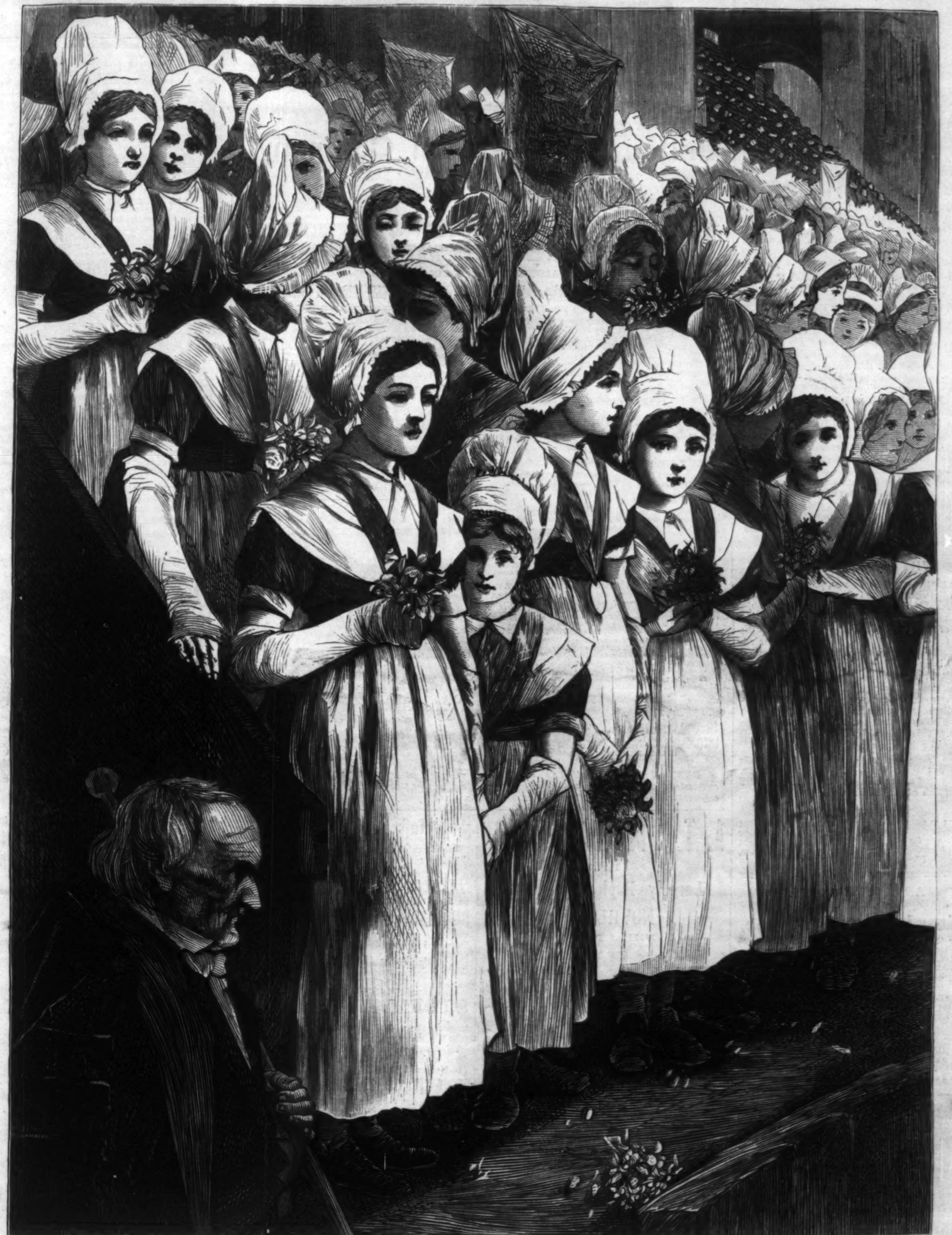
"By Jove! enough to make a fellow nervous, you know: ain't much up to that kind of thing, you know," the poor fellow will tell you; "but hang it, positively feel inclined to blush. By Jove! those girls, they literally mob one when one comes into the room; expect you to know every thing, you know—who's dead, buried, or married; who's eloped with who." Strict grammatical accuracy is not always our guardsman's strong point; perhaps we should rather say it is the exception. "What's the betting on Mrs. Flinder's bolting with Skyaway before the season's out, and all that sort of thing, you know. Gad! a fellow feels quite overcome, you know."



GOING TO MASS.

And as Captain Fitzinain finishes this unusually eloquent address, he sinks down into his easy-chair exhausted, overcome with a sense of the commensurate magnitude of the claims of society upon him, and his own policy of enterprising self-sacrifice. As the man of war refreshes himself with nicotine, the true nature of his position begins to dawn upon him. He begins vaguely to comprehend that a man who plumes himself on nothing to do, may gradually discover that there is nothing which he is expected to leave undone. *Nunquam magis negotiosus quam cum otiosus*—we beg the captain's pardon for troubling him with "that confounded Latin," which he probably left behind him when he quitted Eton; but we can not repress a quotation which is so singularly apt.

"People work me like a galley-slave. Think we can be always at their beck and call: on my honor," continues our friend, "to hear the way in which they suggest dinners at Richmond, picnics, and the deuce knows what else, would fancy that a fellow only lived to please 'em. By Jove! I swear I've engagements half a dozen deep for the next three weeks. Can't dine quietly without having to rush off to some infernal place. Gad! it's killing me. I think I shall make a premature bolt for the moors."



CHARITY CHILDREN IN LONDON.

LONDON CHARITY CHILDREN.

We give on this page an illustration of the London Charity School Festival, which took place on the 8th of June, in St. Paul's Cathedral. This festival, which was established in 1704, is carried on by a society of about a thousand patrons, and the sum realized by the festival is divided between the most needy of those charities which take part in the ceremony.

The benches on which the children are placed are erected in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, rising in graduated tiers to a considerable height. The spectators are seated in the centre of this amphitheatre, and on graduated benches in the aisles. The children of each school sit together—the boys being placed above the girls—and the effect of the differently colored costumes, which are the distinguishing marks of each institution, is most striking and picturesque. The services consist of singing and other musical entertainments by the children and the cathedral choir, and a prettier and more touching spectacle can hardly be imagined. The sight of several thousand children who have been rescued from a miserable, and possibly vicious mode of living, and who are now clothed, educated, and frequently started in life, and the sound of so many harmonious voices—and when are the voices of happy children not harmonious?—can hardly fail to move the heart and excite the charity of the most churlish spectator.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that polygamy is the custom of the country. The law forbids this, and enjoins a man to have only one wife, and this most precious object of the domestic circle is, oddly enough, called "Try." Her children take precedence of any others, of which there are, it must be stated, generally some in every household who can not claim the wife as their mother. These children are those of the handmaids, as they may be called; and these handmaids correspond pretty much to the old Oriental term of concubine, only that they are in a great measure servants to the wife, and expected to make themselves generally useful, and on no account to pretend to be equal to the real mistress of the establishment. A gentleman does not hesitate, nor is it any discredit among them, to indulge his fancy for any number of these handmaids that his purse will enable him to keep. They are generally of inferior birth, and bought of their parents, becoming the estate and sole property of the buyer, who, precisely like the slave-owners, is at liberty to sell them or give them away as presents at any time. A man does not, however, take unto himself a handmaid if his wife has borne him a son, as the great desire of every Chinese is to perpetuate his name and family, so as to insure the ancestral rites being paid him at his funeral. If he has no son either by wife or handmaid, he often adopts one of his relatives, and even goes so far as to purchase a boy—plenty of whom are ready to be parted with, unfortunately, in China—and bring him up as his own, carefully concealing the parentage of the child. It speaks well, however, for the feeling of the Chinese male sex, that the universal desire is to marry as soon as a man can support a wife and family. They marry very early—the men from sixteen to twenty, the women from twelve to fifteen. The marriage laws are very strict. No man and woman of the same surname may marry, neither can any couple within certain degrees of consanguinity. If a woman has been formally betrothed, she can not marry any other person. No government official can marry in the district, town, or city in which he holds office, nor may he marry an actress or woman of low degree or occupation. A few days before the wedding, which is generally fixed in the month of February, the bride-elect has her hair dressed in the fashion of a matron, with flowers and ornaments. Presents are made by friends to both bride and bridegroom. On the evening of the day the bridegroom goes in a gaudily decked sedan to the house of his bride's parents, accompanied by troops of friends and a band of music. The lady is placed in the sedan, and carried off by the friends of the bridegroom to his house, where a grand feast is prepared. The happy pair drink some wine out of the same "cup of alliance," as it is called, and then the husband leads her to her chamber and unveils her face, to admire her and give her the kiss of love, bringing her back to the company to receive a kind of benediction from the oldest matron lady relative of the party, and then the banquet proceeds. The next day offerings are made to the gods, and the honey-moon is passed in merry-making.

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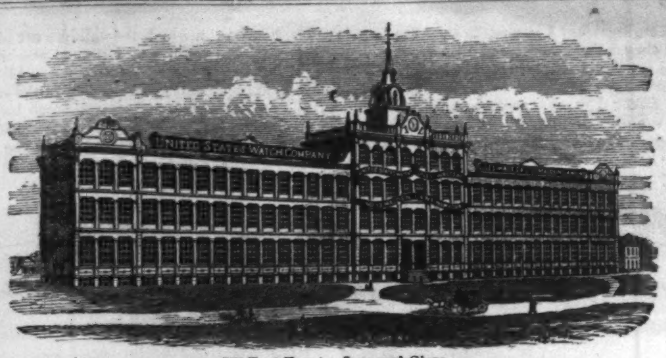

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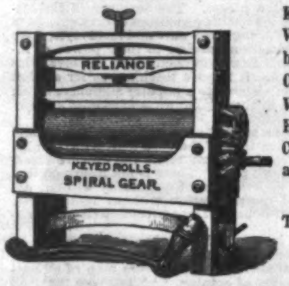
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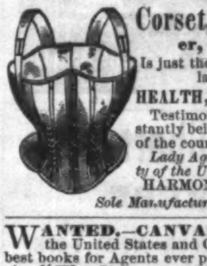

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